

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 468, Vol. 18.

October 15, 1864.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

MR. GLADSTONE IN LANCASHIRE.

IT is difficult to say whether Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord PALMERSTON performs more successfully the functions of a public guest. In oratorical faculty there is neither a comparison nor an attempt at rivalry between them, but the studied carelessness and off-hand buoyancy of a famous statesman are as attractive as the flowing eloquence of even the most graceful speaker. Lord PALMERSTON is popular enough to satisfy a mixed multitude by his mere presence, and he flatters the general feeling by suggesting to the most unpretending spectator that he stands, in some respects, on the same level with himself. One touch of commonplace makes the whole world kin, and it is pleasant to be assured that a powerful Minister can be amused with ordinary jokes, and that he is apparently influenced by familiar prejudices. Like all skilful performers, Lord PALMERSTON follows the bent of his own nature, though he sometimes falls into the error of exaggerating or caricaturing his imitation of himself. His more cultivated hearers would dislike an appearance of talking down to their capacity, if their complacency was not restored by the reflection that the condescending nonsense is addressed to the crowd, and that they are not themselves as the vulgar are. Mr. GLADSTONE pays a higher compliment to his audience by assuming that they can understand his arguments, and can appreciate an appeal to their moral sympathies. His public discourses are lay sermons of a high order, as skilfully composed, and as accurately expressed, as if they were delivered in the House of Commons. Like Lord PALMERSTON, he necessarily deals in generalities, but he always appears to aim at convincing or persuading, although he must be well aware that he has no opposition to overcome. While Lord PALMERSTON is careful to tell his admirers nothing but what they knew quite as well before, Mr. GLADSTONE assumes the attitude of a teacher, and consequently is in a less close and easy relation to the disciples around him. An assembly collected to hear one of Mr. GLADSTONE's political expositions is never exactly a merry meeting. There is no reason why the elder favourite should yield the prize, as both may divide the crown to which there is scarcely a third aspirant. Lord DERBY or Mr. DISRAELI can make excellent speeches, but, except among their political followers or at agricultural meetings, they could only maintain harmony of opinion by avoiding many of the most obvious topics. The less conspicuous members of the Government are received rather with respect than with enthusiasm, as it is not understood that the course of political events is likely to depend on their convictions. On the whole, it may be said that Lord PALMERSTON is better suited to the genial South, and Mr. GLADSTONE to the intellectual and ambitious North.

Some curiosity was excited by the announcement that Mr. GLADSTONE was about to make a political tour in Lancashire, as it seemed not improbable that he might take the opportunity to declare his deliberate opinion on the question of Parliamentary Reform. Bolton, however, was not destined to add to its local claims to celebrity the honour of giving birth to a policy or a party. The people of the town must be unreasonable if they are not satisfied with the copious oration in which Mr. GLADSTONE expounded for the fiftieth time, with a certain air of novelty, the advantages of free trade, the special merits of the French Treaty, the virtues of the Lancashire spinners and weavers, and the prospects of the cotton manufacture. A harsh critic could only object to the excessive humility of the confession that Mr. GLADSTONE himself had employed secondary abilities in a comparatively obscure position. As a general rule, speakers and writers are well advised when they abstain altogether from any estimate of their own capacity. Mr. GLADSTONE was probably giving utterance, with perfect sincerity, to a momentary disparagement of his own intellectual powers. The ablest men cannot but be conscious of their own imperfection, and they are not unlikely sometimes to overrate their defects; but Mr. GLAD-

STONE ought to have remembered that in depreciating himself he inflicted a blow on the vanity of every person present. If Mr. GLADSTONE's abilities are secondary, or, as he might have more correctly said, second-rate, the abilities of the aldermen, the manufacturers, and the operatives of Bolton are tertiary, or fourth-rate, or tenth-rate. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. GLADSTONE confessed, he was neither one of the earliest advocates of free trade, nor the first to adopt it as the rule of Ministerial policy. The doctrine was already triumphant when it was adopted by the convert who has now for several years been its most zealous and efficient promoter. A practical course which can be justified by a process of abstract reasoning is peculiarly congenial to a character which is even unduly liable to logical influences. The laws of exchange are as plausible as sophisms, and they are more consistent and satisfactory. The fertility of Mr. GLADSTONE's mind supplies him with superfluous and irrelevant arguments for the simplest conclusions; but if he sometimes overproves his case, he never forgets the valid reasons by which his proposals are really supported. The Budget speeches which he has lately collected can by no means be considered the product of second-rate abilities.

An orator with no immediate object except to make himself agreeable is perfectly right in taking a cheerful view of political and social relations. Free trade, among its more important advantages, is well adapted to form the subject of general congratulation. It has increased both the public wealth and the general good-humour by removing restrictions which were offensive as they tended directly to the benefit of a privileged class. It is one of the many felicities of England that the most glaring abuses had been promoted by a ruling minority for its own convenience and advantage. When the time for a change arrived, the defenders of the existing system were sufficiently intelligent and generous to be open to argument, especially as their attention was secured by the apparition of irresistible physical force in the remote background. The Corn Laws would perhaps at last have been surrendered in mere terror, but they were actually repealed because the educated classes were convinced that restrictive legislation was a mistake. The concession was not too late to be accepted as a boon, or rather as an acknowledgment of justice. If the landowners had, as in almost all other countries, been interested in free trade, it would perhaps have been impossible to remove prohibitions which might have seemed to benefit the mass of the population. Universal suffrage maintains protection in America, though the cultivators of the soil, who produce the greatest portion of the national wealth, are interested in the freest possible circulation of imported commodities. In France, the exercise of absolute power was required to relieve the bulk of the community from a portion of the tribute which they had long been compelled to pay to indigenous manufacturers. It is too probable that the majority in Australia will pass suicidal laws against English produce, because numerical force is unfortunately combined with legislative sovereignty. Even in England, the most intelligent or active portion of the working classes is constantly agitating against the freedom of labour, and it is only by an accident that Free Trade is popular even in the native county of the Corn-Law League. Democracy and Protection seem more and more likely to form a permanent alliance, except where the most notorious assertion of sound economic principles involved a triumph over an aristocratic party.

The amiable feelings which are engendered by the consciousness of a victory at the same time profitable and just were generalized in Mr. GLADSTONE's Bolton speech into a permanent improvement of the national temper. As modern reforms have been accomplished peaceably, and as they have in their results improved the mutual relations of different classes, it was rhetorically allowable to assume that all future changes would be accomplished by gentle and gradual

persuasion. Without speaking directly of Parliamentary Reform, Mr. GLADSTONE hinted that the boundaries of the existing Constitution would be amicably enlarged without irritation or disturbance. The pleasant promise may apply to any legislative change which may be desired either by moderate or by extreme politicians. The universal suffrage which was foreshadowed in his speech on Mr. BAINES'S Bill, and indefinitely postponed in the preface to the published version, may or may not be preferable to a modest alteration of the franchise in towns and counties. The meeting at Bolton was not informed what was to come, but it was assured that it would come in the smoothest and most amiable manner. All classes like each other because the Corn-laws have been repealed, and they will like each other still better when they have agreed on the manner in which the constituencies are to be enlarged. There are to be no Birmingham Unions or threatened refusals of taxes when the new Reform Bill is introduced. The "kiss of LAMOURETTE," which gave a name to one of the epochs of the French Revolution, would scarcely suit English habits; but Mr. GLADSTONE expects that the present possessors of the franchise will denude themselves of power with a polite bow, and that a grateful democracy will accept the transfer without unseemly exultation. Less sanguine politicians will not be able to indulge in equally rose-coloured visions of the future. At present, they are not a little curious to know whether Mr. GLADSTONE intends to be the chief instrument of the reforms which he indistinctly adumbrates. As the Liberal party can scarcely expect to find any other leader, it would gladly ascertain whether the inevitable guide proposes to plunge into a morass.

THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

THE history of their efforts to obtain the French Convention, and of the motives actuating them, which the members of the late Italian Government submitted to the KING, only tells what every one knew. But in politics clear expositions of acknowledged facts, when made by responsible persons, always carry a certain weight. They show a nation what it has to accept or reject, and make it evident that those who have been trusted to guide it had nothing further or better to offer it. The drift of this report of M. MINGHETTI'S Ministry is that Rome can only be attacked or conquered by moral force. The plain question is brought home to the Italians whether anything more efficacious than moral force can be used. M. MINGHETTI and his colleagues show clearly that it cannot. Italy cannot drive the French out of Rome if the French choose to stay there. If the French go, Italy cannot drive the POPE out of Rome without quarrelling with the whole Catholic world, and Italy cannot afford to quarrel with the whole Catholic world. These are two very simple propositions, and when they are put clearly and distinctly no Italian of sense can refuse to accede to them. The Party of Action wishes first to fight and beat France, and then to drive the POPE and all his priests into the ignominious exile they deserve. But the mass of the Italian nation sees that the Party of Action is longing to run its head against a stone wall, and that all reasonable people had better keep clear of such dangerous companions. Then, if physical force is to be set aside as useless, and moral force alone is to be employed, how far does the Convention tend to secure the object aimed at? And here M. MINGHETTI takes up a position that will command much attention in Italy. He insists that the removal of the capital to Florence is not to be regarded as a mere concession to the French, or as a pledge that the hope is abandoned of one day securing Rome for Italy. He acknowledges that the transfer of the capital to Florence has been accepted by the EMPEROR, and is to be viewed by Italy and Europe, as a guarantee that the Italian Government will let the POPE alone. But he wishes his countrymen to observe that, in the battle of moral forces which it is hoped is to put an end some day to the temporal power, Florence secures a basis of attack which could not be found at Turin. The KING and his Parliament, representing the modern world, will be at Florence. The POPE, representing the mediæval world, will be at Rome. The two cities will be near together; railways will connect them; there will be a tide of commerce and of travellers from one to the other. The Romans will be constantly reminded what the modern world is like. They will learn, from a free press, what men say and think who are not weighed down into servile imbecility beneath the heavy pressure of an ecclesiastical tyranny. They will be able to compare the behaviour and the temper of a free national army with those of the foreign regiments whom high pay or religious zeal may attract to the

service of the POPE. The consequence will be that it will be morally impossible that the POPE's subjects should ever acquiesce in his Government. If he and his successors make up their minds to play the bold game, and keep the Romans down by force, they may succeed; but they will not succeed in any endeavour to dispense with this force, and it is to the great improbability of a mediæval despotism enduring long in face of modern liberty at its very doors that the advisers of Italy trust when they recommend their countrymen to acquiesce in the choice of Florence as the capital.

The time from which the execution of the Convention is to date has been postponed, and the two years in which the French are to retire from Rome, and the six months within which the Italian capital is to be fixed at Florence, are to commence from the day when the Bill by which the Italian Parliament sanctions the change shall receive the KING'S assent. Practically this will not, in all probability, make any considerable difference, for the Italian Parliament need not spend any great length of time in discussing the Convention. The motives which prompt the acceptance of the terms imposed or accorded by France will not bear any very explicit statement. The less said the better. It can do no good to abuse the Papal Government, and it would do positive harm to place on record that, when the Italians say they are going to Florence, they mean that they are going to Rome. The business of the Italians is to keep as quiet as possible, and to let things take their course. When once they have moved to Florence they will have bound France over to carry the Convention out. The semi-official papers at Paris have been explaining that Italy must change her capital before France can do anything, and if prudence requires that the Convention should be regarded at Paris as a hardship on Italy and a pure gain to France, it may be wise to treat the removal to Florence as a great diplomatic victory. But it is much easier for the Italians to go to Florence than it is for the French to leave Rome. The Italians have to go through one short sharp trial. They have to show political wisdom in a very critical way at a very critical time. They must make up their minds to take a great step, and to take it silently. But when they have once overcome their immediate difficulty, and have removed to Florence with as little noise as possible, they will have got through the worst of their task. Thenceforth they will have to survey with respectful sympathy the embarrassments of France. It will be impossible for the EMPEROR to go back from his word, for the Italians will have complied with the conditions imposed on them. There will, indeed, be many obstacles thrown in the way of the acceptance of the Convention, but when the decisive moment arrives, and the project must either be adopted or abandoned, the Italians would falsify all the expectations they have raised if they allow the golden opportunity to slip by. At present, all the cries that await the first introduction of a great measure are being heard. Municipal jealousy is allying itself with that senseless passion against any kind of political alliance with France which finds a spokesman in M. MAZZINI. He has issued one of his flaming manifestoes, in which he declares that the Convention is a treason to Italy, and that its adoption will be a perpetual Aspromonte. If a perpetual Aspromonte means the firm and constant repression of amiable fanatics, it is the very thing that Italy needs in order to take and keep her proper position in the European family. To M. MAZZINI and his adherents there seems only one thing worth having. Either a republic is to be proclaimed from the Capitol, or nothing is gained. This is magnificent, but it is not politics; and fortunately the great mass of Italians know how vain a vision it is. The jealousy which the selection of Florence will necessarily awaken in the other provincial capitals of Italy is a source of much greater embarrassment and danger. But when the first heat of passionate disappointment is over, the nation will see that it cannot be a nation at all unless it can make national interests outweigh provincial rivalries. The notion that there was a tacit compact that Turin should be the capital until Rome was won, is wholly imaginary. Turin was the capital because it had already been the capital of Piedmont, and at the outset of the new order of things it was convenient not to give offence to the new provinces over which VICTOR EMMANUEL was called to rule by favouring any one of them. Directly the nation has a clear object to gain by leaving Turin, it is as free to follow its interests as it was when it accepted Turin for the general convenience of all Italy.

The importance of the issue tendered to Italy becomes more and more apparent as the change which the Convention has effected in the relations of France with foreign Powers presents itself more clearly. If it is true that Russia has expressed its willingness to concur in the new policy of France, there must be a new policy to concur in. The very

mention of the adhesion of Russia carries us back to the days of the last Italian war, when, as the EMPEROR subsequently declared, he received such countenance and approbation from Russia as to make the claims of gratitude weigh seriously against the despairing appeal of Poland for the aid of France. Now that the cause of Poland is lost irrevocably for an unknown space of years, nothing exists to separate France from Russia, and the alliance which of all alliances is the most dangerous to Austria is formally renewed. The CZAR can, at the same time, have the satisfaction of giving the POPE a blow in return for the encyclical letter on Poland, and of laying the foundation for a union of forces which goes far to annihilate the power of Austria in the East of Europe. The clouds are gathering thickly about Austria on every hand, and she stands almost without an ally. In old days, the project of an alliance between France and Russia against Austria was supposed to involve an indirect danger to England; and Lord DERBY's Government, on the eve of the campaign of Magenta and Solferino, assured the Cabinet of Vienna that if it did exactly what, in the opinion of its English advisers, it ought to do, it might confidently reckon on the moral support of England. Now Austria cannot even reckon on our moral support, and if so tiny a loss can be appreciated, she must be supposed to be so far in a worse position than she used to occupy. Prussia might perhaps have been counted on as an ally if Prussia had anything to gain by the alliance; but it is obvious that Prussia at present is much more powerful in Northern Germany if she declines to aid Austria in questions not affecting Germany, and pursues the same path with France and Russia, than if she allowed Austria to call upon her for the defence of provinces which do not belong to Germany. The political instincts of the Northern Germans are sufficiently sound to forbid them to regard the retention of Venetia as a German question, and they are too well aware how many obstacles the possession of Posen has placed in the way of domestic liberty in Prussia not to dread the consequences of allowing Germany to identify itself with the Austrian occupation of Venetia. The acceptance of the Convention is, therefore, almost as much of a gain to Italy with regard to Austria as it is with regard to the POPE, for it pledges France to a policy which must, sooner or later, end in another joint effort to make Italy free to the Adriatic. The late Italian Ministers, in their report, wisely remind the EMPEROR that to have freed Italy will be one of the greatest glories of his reign; and, if he is not thwarted now, Italy may fairly hope that he will not leave his glory imperfect.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SWEDEN.

IT is an excellent thing for all parties that at this time of year, when so little is going on, and it is so hard to find anything to talk about, the Prince and Princess of WALES should at the same time have an outing of a very pleasant kind, and furnish a fine stock of daily gossip. In most circles gossip is very welcome. Guests are astonished and pleased with the easy confidence which prompts their hosts to read out loud, at breakfast, family letters describing the travels of relatives, the boldness and success with which they crossed the Channel, the surprise caused by finding that a journey of fourteen hours through the most dreary part of France could be dull, and the rapture with which they recognised, in a neighbour at a Swiss *table d'hôte*, a curate whom they had once sat under at a charity sermon in England. But, although this gossip is dear to the English domestic mind, it is felt to be rather trivial. Its repeaters are never quite sure how it will be received by perfect strangers. But the movements of Royalty are the common property of all right-thinking Britons, and every one is entitled not only to display, but to exact, enthusiasm when the topic of conversation is the tour of the Prince of WALES and his wife. No one thinks of being ashamed of commenting on the most minute details of the travels of this happy pair, and the love of gossip can be indulged without even the most secret apprehension of ridicule when a description is passed on from mouth to mouth of the doings of a prince and a princess. This is not toadying or servility; it is the legitimate pleasure of undergoing and expressing a very amiable delight in the happiness of a couple at once happy and great. If the Prince of WALES had occupied a humble position it would have seemed silly and fulsome to affect an interest in hearing that he was seized with a burning desire to shoot an elk in Sweden, that a considerable portion of the Swedish army was told off to drive all the elks of the district towards him, that only one elk appeared towards the close of a long day, and that this one elk was shot by some one else. But every

English person of genteel pretensions feels entitled to be sorry for the PRINCE so far, and then to rejoice that, although he did not actually shoot the elk, he got its head after it was cut off, and is going to have it stuffed. We are all much obliged to the King of SWEDEN and his people for the hearty welcome they gave to these amiable representatives of England, and cannot avoid a sense of pleasure when we hear of the delicate attention paid to the PRINCESS by the young ladies who wore Danish colours in the disguise of red silk scarfs over white muslin frocks, and when we are told of an enthusiastic municipality lighting up with little lamps the buoys marking the dangerous passage through which the pilots prudently refused to conduct by night their precious charge. We knew that in Sweden they have not much to offer in the way of grandeur and pageantry, but we are all the more pleased that in their simple way they did their best, and that they managed to show their genuine and zealous desire to please and honour by so unpretending an apparatus as an elk, some red sashes, and a score of ineffectual lamps. Travellers are often more grateful at the time, and more impressed with pleasant memories, when they have got milk and hard bread at a wayside farm after a dusty walk, than when they have feasted on turtle and venison at a set and formal dinner.

The form in which our national gratitude to Sweden has revealed itself has naturally been an elaborate calculation of the advantages which, under different sets of imaginary circumstances, we could get out of the Northern portion of Scandinavia. It has been plausibly argued that if everything in Europe was changed, and we all went back to the condition in which our ancestors were in the days of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS or CHARLES XII., it would be an excellent stroke of business to secure the country of those enterprising monarchs as our ally. The readiness with which the present KING drove his elk more or less towards our Prince of WALES may be taken as an indication that, if he was but about thirty times as relatively powerful as he is, and we wanted him to do something for us which we need not trouble ourselves to particularize, he would be exactly the man to give us efficient aid. At any rate, if Sweden is not much of a fighting Power now, she has abundance of iron which would be extremely useful to us if it were more accessible, and is ambitious of making railways in which we should be happy to invest if we could but see our way to a shadowy hope of dividends. And if we are not quite satisfied that the days of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS are likely to return, and look on Swedish investments with some distrust, there is one strong bond of union that cannot be dissolved between us and the Swedes. We are all Vikings, and have the proud Norse blood flowing in our veins. The present Swedish aristocracy is, indeed, more backward and futile, if possible, than that of Germany. The clergy presents a compact system of Protestant bigotry and intolerance which would be thought disgraceful even in Scotland. And the King of SWEDEN scarcely exercises so much influence over the councils of Europe as the Pasha of Egypt. But if we abandon the prosaic present for the romantic past, our fancy soon takes us back to the great old times when the common ancestors of the Swedes and of Englishmen are supposed to have been true Jarls and Kings of Men, and to have gone about undefended coasts plundering and harrying in the name of THOR or of ODIN. The visit of the Prince of WALES has, happily, brought these things to the memory of fanciful antiquarians; and while one set of readers draws a pleasurable excitement from the history of the unhappy elk and the Danish sashes, another and a profounder set hails in the Royal visit a sign of the renewal of that alliance which once sent the crews of Norse pirates on a common expedition, and it seeks to assure itself that, if ever Sweden produced another GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, we should hasten to profit by him if we saw our way to turning him to advantage.

There is nothing ridiculous, if there may be a little that is exaggerated, in these effusions of enthusiastic loyalty and these bursts of historical zeal. It would be the height of pedantry to deride the interest with which the movements of the PRINCE and PRINCESS are followed, the anxiety felt for their welfare, and the sincere desire that they may be received in foreign countries as we think they ought to be received, for their own sake and for the sake of England. Loyalty implies attachment to persons, and if we are attached to persons we cannot fail to be interested in all that they do. That there should be a young couple in whose proceedings all English families conceive themselves entitled to take an interest, constitutes one of the strongest ties which bind English subjects to their Sovereign; and in all political enthusiasm there must be a little nonsense, and the charm which everything Norse has for

some English antiquarians may be as legitimate a foundation for political sympathy as the intellectual passion for truth which captivates us in Germans, or the cosmopolitan effusiveness which attracts us to Frenchmen. It is true that such incidents as the visit of the PRINCE and PRINCESS make our alliance with Sweden more intimate, and we may recognise this in the midst of the amusement which the chronicles of the Royal tour and the historical speculations of Scandinavian enthusiasts can scarcely fail to afford us. But at the same time, while we need not under-rate, we need not over-rate the political importance of Sweden. A nation that is traditionally brave and resolute, that, with its Danish allies, commands the entrance to the Baltic, and has five-and-twenty thousand of the best seamen of the world in its navy, is by no means to be despised; and the consciousness that it has an accidental value to the Western Powers from its position, has tended in late years greatly to augment the value which Sweden sets upon itself. But Sweden affects us, and we affect Sweden, in modes much more quiet and unobtrusive than those which bear on our political relations. Sweden attracts us partly through her mineral wealth, and still more through the boundless field for sport which the coast of Norway offers. From the southernmost bay of Norway far on into the White Sea, every river big enough to hold a salmon is registered and reserved for the English market. There is thus a constant though small influx of Englishmen into the country, which secures the engagement of all the best rivers to persons who give their orders in London; and if the subjects of the King of SWEDEN give us salmon-fishing to delight and employ us, we, in return, give them English tastes, English opinions, and English literature. Almost every English novel of any degree of merit above mediocrity is translated and read by every Norwegian and Swedish fireside. Gradually our Norse cousins are thus taught to think and act much as we should, and this undoubtedly tends to create a political friendship between the two nations. We can only hope that this friendship may continue, and, as it will certainly not continue unless some pains are taken to keep it alive, we may be very glad that a Royal visit, and the antiquarian comments to which this visit has given rise, should have been used to make the current of English sympathy run more fully and freely in the direction of a Scandinavian alliance.

MR. VON BUNSEN ON THE DANISH WAR.

AN Agricultural Society which lately met at North Walsham, in Norfolk, was fortunate in the introduction of an entirely new topic by a foreign visitor. Mr. GEORGE VON BUNSEN, who is connected by marriage with a neighbouring family, responded to the complimentary toast of "The Strangers" by a spirited defence of the conduct of Germany to Denmark. Nothing could be more judicious than the manner in which Mr. VON BUNSEN appealed to the courtesy of an audience which was, perhaps, a little astonished. Instead of leading up to his proposed subject by some devious contrivance, he simply said that he had asked himself whether, appearing before the meeting as a German under present circumstances, they would not think him very mean if he did not stand up in defence of his country. The North Walsham farmers would not have been so unjust as to censure a foreigner for abstaining altogether from political discussion, but they probably thought that a voluntary attempt to convince them that the popular feeling in England had been misled was both manly in itself and complimentary to their own good sense and candour. Unless Norfolk is a specially favoured county, the Agricultural Society is probably but ill-informed on the merits of the original Schleswig-Holstein dispute. Mr. VON BUNSEN informed them that Schleswig-Holstein was one country by right, and that therefore it could not be divided; that its law of succession differed from the law of succession in Denmark; and that, in the absence of heirs male to the King-Dukes, the ducal crown descended to the AUGUSTENBURG family. "That," said Mr. VON BUNSEN, "was as simple a statement as he could give. Did his hearers consider it particularly difficult to understand? To him it seemed very simple, and he could never quite see why such eminent statesmen had publicly proclaimed it, on different occasions, to be totally unintelligible." The puzzle may be explained partly by imperfect acquaintance with the subject, and also by the difficulty of deciding between conflicting statements. Mr. VON BUNSEN commands two of the principal elements of simplicity, or clearness, in accurate knowledge combined with positive conviction, and conveyed in a one-

sided statement. The confusion between the gold and silver sides of the shield is effectually avoided by looking at one side only. It is, however, perfectly true that the question of succession in Schleswig and Holstein is simple, though it appears to offer unaccountable difficulty to the Governments which are at present affecting to solve it. The King of DENMARK has no more hereditary claim to the Duchies than the Chairman of the North Walsham dinner, and, as long as the Germans agreed on the AUGUSTENBURG title, they entirely concurred with the few Englishmen who had taken the trouble to look at the pedigree. The eminent statesmen who bungled the matter in England rested the claim of Denmark on the Treaty of 1852, and not on any right by descent; and it is fair to say that the controversy which was supposed to be unintelligible related, not to the succession, but to the privileges of the Duchies under the late KING, who was their undisputed Sovereign. When Mr. VON BUNSEN calls Schleswig-Holstein "a country," he begs a disputed question which might have impaired the simplicity of his explanation. Down to the death of the KING, the subject presented many difficulties, even to a dispassionate inquirer. Those who formed, on full investigation, an opinion unfavourable to the German pretensions are entitled to respect, even if they have been mistaken. The popular opinion was, unluckily, guided by careless instructors, who treated the quarrel as a purely wanton assertion of superior strength. Having adopted the wrong side because it was the weaker, the majority of Englishmen have since been bitterly mortified by the success of those whom they had gratuitously converted into opponents.

It is up-hill work to prove that the Germans, or rather the Prussians, have used their triumph generously. The compassion which has been wasted on the people of Schleswig by the inveterate enemies of their cause is wholly superfluous. Whatever the German inhabitants of the Duchy may think of the Prussians, they are unanimous in their satisfaction at the expulsion of the Danes, nor can it be doubted that they will readily bear the expense and inconvenience which may arise from their liberation. The Danish population in the North of the province are less likely to appreciate the zeal for nationality which has made them the unwilling subjects of an alien conqueror. The pressure which is placed on purely Danish territory in Jutland is not excused by any military or political necessity. Austria and Prussia, representing Germany, have got more than all that they claimed, and the extortion of pecuniary sacrifices from an adversary incapable of resistance is assuredly not a chivalric proceeding. The abuse of irresistible force repels the political sympathies which England might otherwise feel for the growth of a great central Power in Europe. If it is true that the Germans on the Rhine are now confident of their ability to repel French usurpation, it is unfortunate that, for the first time in many generations, their patriotism should scarcely find an echo in England. Mr. VON BUNSEN is perfectly justified in vindicating the character of the Prussian soldiers, who displayed, in their short campaign, the only military virtues which were required in an unequal contest. Their discipline was perfect, their endurance of fatigue and cold was highly creditable, and the excellence of their weapons has been acknowledged by the English War-Office in the recent order for the adoption of breech-loading rifles. Much nonsense was uttered, in the irritation of the moment, about apocryphal bombardments and other alleged military excesses. The Austrians and Prussians obtained their victory creditably, if not gloriously, and the discussion of the siege of Düppel is now as obsolete as the forgotten controversy on Schleswig-Holstein. If Prussia would leave Denmark at peace, and do justice to Schleswig and Holstein, political criticism in England would soon employ itself on more attractive subjects.

The annexation of the provinces to Prussia would, under ordinary circumstances, have been indifferent, or perhaps not unwelcome, to English politicians. It is only because such a result would be inconsistent with the pretences of the war that the consummation of the Prussian Minister's schemes would cause general indignation. Only six months ago all Germany appeared, for the first time in several centuries, to have arrived at one harmonious conviction. Forty or fifty millions of patriots unanimously asserted the right of the Duchies to a Sovereign whose title appeared to be almost unimpeachable. The rest of Europe talked of treaties and honourable engagements; but it was difficult to dispute the right of Schleswig and Holstein to exercise a choice, especially as the selection happened to fall on the legitimate heir of the ducal crowns. The arms of Austria and Prussia have since eliminated the rival claimants, and yet the Duchies remain

under a Provisional Government, and it is supposed that the Prussian authorities wish to take permanent advantage of their occupation of the country. There is little doubt that Count BISMARCK has been led gradually on from an experimental interference to more definitely ambitious projects. If no obstacle occurs, he may still perhaps contrive to appropriate the prize of victory; nor is it certain that his plans are reprobated by the public opinion of Germany. The national party has ascertained that Prussia is powerful, and power is the first condition of national unity. The petty States have lately sunk into the background, not without their own passive acquiescence.

Mr. VON BUNSEN, who has probably access to authentic information, expresses a firm belief that Prussia will, after all, place the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG on the vacant throne. The King of PRUSSIA, with all his political faults, is personally a man of honour, and he is believed to have promised his support to the legal claimant. That a Liberal member of the Prussian House of Deputies should rely on the KING against the Minister, is a curious illustration of the anomalies which unavoidably occur in the working of Continental Constitutions. In a Parliamentary Government the Minister represents the nation as against the encroachments of prerogative, but the Prussian Premier cannot by the wildest imagination be mistaken for a constitutional statesman. It is not impossible that he may despise the scruples of his Sovereign, but he is in no sense the organ of the people or of the representative body; and, between two irresponsible chiefs of the State, it may be right to prefer the supreme ruler, if he acknowledges the restraint of conscientious obligations. It may be assumed, from Mr. VON BUNSEN's statement, that the Prussian Opposition at present favours the recognition of the legitimate Duke of SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN. Prussian patriotism, however, is identified with the national cause in Germany, and it certainly is not the wish of Mr. VON BUNSEN, or of his political allies, that petty princes in Holstein, or in any other part of the Confederation, should continue to retain an independent existence. The fusion of the whole, or even of the Northern half, of Germany into a single monarchy would gratify the rightful aspirations of the Germans themselves, and, as furnishing the best security against French aggression, it ought to be acceptable to England. Unluckily, it is the pleasure of the Prussian Government, and of many German writers, to provoke on all possible occasions an irritation which for the time counteracts the habitual impulses of English policy and feeling. It is difficult to wish well to the cause which is for the time represented by the managers of the negotiation at Vienna. With Mr. VON BUNSEN, and with the great party to which he belongs, it might be not impossible to arrive at an understanding.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

IF the recent telegram from Canada is not coloured by premature hopes, the great undertaking of uniting under a single Government the various provinces of British North America has made more rapid progress than the most sanguine politician could have expected in so complicated a business. A meeting of Colonial Governors for the purpose of arranging the confederation implies not only the hearty concurrence of Home Authorities, but something like an approximation to agreement on the many details which are likely to set conflicting interests by the ears. In all probability, however, the conference of Governors has been summoned only with the view of bringing the question as speedily as may be before the legislative bodies of the different colonies; for it is certain that, up to a fortnight before the date of the telegram, nothing more had been achieved than a general agreement among the leading politicians of the several communities that union would be extremely desirable if only satisfactory terms could be arranged. The real difficulty in all such matters lies in the adjustment of details; but, though we must not rate the first preliminaries at more than their true value, it is important to observe a conciliatory disposition on the part of the delegates of the rival colonies which promises to smooth the path to the desired revolution. All the broad considerations are obviously in favour of the change, and the ultimate success of the project will mainly depend on a disposition to subordinate local jealousies to the achievement of a really great purpose. It is a great step gained at starting, that, whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the terms on which the provinces could equitably be merged into one considerable country, the evil consequences of separation are felt on all hands, so much so that this very movement for a complete federation has grown out of two distinct agitations—one for a more intimate political organization of Upper and

Lower Canada, and the other for the consolidation of the maritime provinces of British North America. Two such projects could scarcely go on side by side without bringing into fresh prominence the floating idea, which has long been latent in the colonial mind, of a great British confederation powerful enough to hold its own even against such a neighbour as the United States.

When the delegates met, it was evident that the subject presented itself in a somewhat different light to the Ministers of Canada and the representatives of the smaller provinces. The Canadians are the prime movers in the larger scheme. The severity of their winters makes them almost more an inland than a maritime people, and for half the year their only traffic with foreign countries is through the ports of the United States. The proposed union would satisfy that craving for a seaboard which has so often, in older countries, supplied the principle of their policy and the occasion of their wars. This is the grand aspiration of the Canadians, and their present eagerness for a general union is enhanced by the fact that, if successful, it will merge the almost insuperable difficulties which beset their own special scheme for the readjustment of the basis of power between Upper and Lower Canada. The delegates met at dinner in Halifax on the 12th of September, and for the first time the silence which had veiled their conferences was broken. Although little was said on the real difficulty of the undertaking—the adjustment of the claims of the different provinces—the speakers were extremely frank as to the motives which had impelled them all in the direction of union. The Canadian Ministers of the new coalition, CARTIER, BROWN, MACDONALD, and GALT, made no secret of the inducements which weighed with the Canadian people. Access to the sea, intercolonial free trade, and defensive strength were the prominent topics; but Mr. BROWN, as representing the dominant party in Upper Canada, acknowledged that all these advantages had been in their mind subordinate to their primary object of freeing themselves from what they conceived to be the undue predominance of Lower Canada in the government of the United Province. The interlacing of different parties, severed more by race and religion than by distinctive politics, had given to the Lower Canadians a slight preponderance over the leading party of the Upper Province, and the ordinary policy of Mr. BROWN and his followers had been, as he candidly avowed, simply a policy of obstruction, until the reform of the Constitution on a population basis should be conceded. Until this was effected, they were resolved that nothing else should be done. They did their best to obstruct the project of an intercolonial railway, and resisted on principle every large scheme of improvement which did not take as its corner-stone their doctrine of Justice for Upper Canada. That a growing province, whose population already exceeds that of Lower Canada by nearly 400,000, should chafe under a constitution which allots to it only an equal share of power with its less energetic partner, is natural enough, and it is not very surprising that Mr. BROWN and his friends should forget that the rule which assigns an equal number of votes to each province was framed for the express purpose of giving to Upper Canada, then the smaller section of the country, more than its fair share of influence in the United Parliament. The steady objection of the Lower Province to be swallowed up by the growing power of the Western settlements had made the agitation of the Upper Canadians futile for any purpose except that of reducing all government to a dead lock; and though the Canadian Ministers still insist that, if the scheme of a general federation fails, they will persist in their own Reform Bill, it is evidently felt that the success of the purely Canadian measure, in all probability, depends on the completion of the amalgamation scheme. It is easy enough, therefore, to see why Canada should be forward in promoting the enterprise.

The feeling in the maritime colonies is scarcely less strong in favour, at any rate, of a union among themselves. In the first place, they want free trade with one another; and at present the intercourse between New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island is as much obstructed by custom-houses and hostile tariffs as if they were not bound together by a common allegiance. But the removal of these obstacles would not satisfy the ambition of the coast provinces to obtain easy access to the great markets of the interior of Canada. They have long been willing to pay far more than their share of the cost of an intercolonial railway, and they probably understand very well that Mr. BROWN and his party do not mean to let Canada take any portion of the burden, except on the terms of a complete political amalgamation. The prospect of drawing to their own ports the enormous traffic which now passes out of

Canada through Maine and New York may well suffice to tempt the Eastern provinces to throw in their lot with Canada, rather than allow their country to remain, as at present, an isolated strip of coast, with few commercial bonds between themselves and the boundless interior. If they are wise, this consideration will outweigh in the minds of the Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers the drawbacks which they fear will attend the proposed union. No federation which did not secure a common tariff and a central military administration would be of any avail, and anything short of this would, no doubt, fail to secure the approval of the Home Government. But an impression prevails that Canada is more heavily taxed, and more burdened with debt even in proportion to its much larger population, than the sea-board provinces, and there is some danger that the conferences may prove abortive at last, from the impossibility of adjusting these financial matters to the satisfaction of all parties. Besides this, the Halifax people are probably right in thinking that the brunt of a war with the United States would necessarily fall upon Canada and England, and that, by entering into a close military partnership, they will lay themselves under heavier burdens than they would ever be likely to incur in their own defence. There is thus much truth in this view, that the military and financial advantages of union would be mainly on the side of Canada. On the other hand, the far more valuable fruits of commercial intercourse will be principally reaped by the maritime provinces. Canada already has access to the sea, even in winter, through Portland and New York, and it is far more in a military than in a commercial sense that the proposed intercolonial railway would benefit the inland districts. Each party to the bargain would reap its own special benefits from it, while all would largely gain by freer intercourse with each other and with England, and, as several of the delegates did not forget to mention, by the increased facility with which English troops could be sent to aid in their defence. A suggestion seems to have been thrown out, in opposition to the project, that it would tend to weaken the connexion between British North America and the mother-country. The disposition shown by the Governors—acting, of course, under instructions from home—to further the negotiation is a sufficient answer to an argument which probably has never been very seriously urged. A nation of four million inhabitants, with excellent harbours, a magnificent river, and an almost unlimited area of fertile land, would be less likely to crave the privilege of absorption into a neighbouring State than either of its component parts; while, even after the proposed union, a very long time would elapse before it would be thought prudent to dispense with the assistance which England, in spite of all grumblers, would undoubtedly give to a colony which was making honest efforts to do its own part in the work of self-defence.

Like every other sound bargain, all parties would be gainers by a political compact between the North American colonies which should give them greater commercial prosperity and military strength. Whether the more limited combinations which are held in reserve in the event of the failure of the pending negotiations would be equally palatable to England or advantageous to the colonies themselves, is more doubtful. The Conservatives of Lower Canada would no doubt submit with a good grace to be merged in a general federation, but it would be rash to reckon on their tranquil acquiescence in a scheme for placing them substantially under the dominion of their old rivals of the Upper Province. The old Union, whatever faults it may now be found to have, did work out the pacification of the country after PAPINEAU'S rebellion, and it is by no means certain that a violent disturbance of the balance of power might not awaken afresh the old feelings of discontent which have long since been merged in a hearty loyalty to the British Crown. Both for itself and for the sake of avoiding the alternatives which will grow out of failure, the success of the undertaking in which the leading men of all parties in British North America have combined is greatly to be desired, but much political forbearance and unselfishness will be needed to prevent the negotiations falling through from conflicting local interests and provincial jealousies. The means by which the Scotch and Irish Unions were brought about are not available in the present case, and the many differences which cannot but arise in the settlement of details will have to be mastered by no other influences than good sense and honest patriotism. Up to the point already reached, there has been no sign of a lack of these essential qualities in the leading delegates, and it will be creditable to them and to the people whom they represent if they succeed in carrying through a treaty which, as Mr. MACDONALD very justly observed, will,

among its other advantages, be certain to elevate the dreary waste of colonial politics to something more worthy of patriotic ambition.

OUR FUTURE RULERS.

THE Lancashire distress is a favourite topic with democratic speakers. It is now one of the regular common-places of a speech in favour of Reform to overflow with panegyric of the Lancashire operatives, and to ask with emotion whether such men are not worthy of the franchise. The two ideas sound well in juxtaposition, but the reasoning is not very easy to follow. The Lancashire artisans lost their work, owing to a cause beyond their own control. But the same thing has happened to the strawplait-makers and the lace-makers, and often enough to the agricultural labourers. The distress in Lancashire was exceptional in the number of people on whom it fell, but not in its cause or its character. But, it is said, they have borne it patiently. So have the plait-makers, and the lace-makers, and the Spitalfields weavers, and the agricultural labourers in many counties. No one, however, finds that any political profit is to be made by eulogising them. What the Lancashire operatives have done is this. They have been reduced from good wages to alms and parish allowance by the act of a foreign Government, and under these circumstances they have abstained from shooting their masters or burning their masters' mills. From the congratulations that have been uttered upon this remarkable self-restraint, it is evident that their best friends expected that they would do so. It is very good of them to have forborne this mode of expressing their feelings, though its only effect would have been to have added to their other misfortunes the chance of the gallows or of penal servitude for life. But it is difficult to understand upon what principle their virtue in this respect is to qualify them for the franchise. Is it to be laid down as a rule that every one ought to be admitted to a vote who, having lost his employment, has abstained from committing a breach of the peace in consequence? This would undoubtedly be the simplest form of "fancy franchise" that could be conceived. But it would not be confined to the Lancashire artisans. If they deserve a vote as a sort of testimonial of gratitude for their kindness in not rioting when rioting would have done them no sort of good, it is quite clear that the gift must be extended to every one else who has abstained from rioting on any occasion when it would have been similarly suicidal.

If we are to have a new agitation for an extended suffrage, every incident is interesting that gives us an insight into the character of the multitude who are to rule us. The large number which even the most moderate proposals of extension are to admit will place them in a vast majority over the existing constituencies, and therefore will make their domination easy and certain. But the educated classes in this country do not know much about their future masters. The working man of the philanthropist and platform-speaker is a myth which has about as much resemblance to the real working man as the DIETRICH of the German legends has to the THEODORIC of history. It is a matter of concern to know how this dominant multitude would demean itself in politics, what amount of cohesion it might be expected to display, how far it would be likely to respect the freedom of individuals and the rights of property, and what moderation it would probably show in carrying out the projects it has at heart. The Lancashire distress does not furnish us with much information upon these points. There we only see the class that is seeking enfranchisement in a passive and helpless condition, bearing up against misfortune with great courage, but giving no more indication of the use it is likely to make of power than is involved in abstaining from breaches of the peace when breaches of the peace would be utterly useless. If we wish to know the principles on which it will act, we must look at it in action. The Colliery Strikes that are now in progress are far more instructive. The working men are in pursuit of an object which interests their class, and which they think may be attained by agitation. It is an occasion, therefore, which tests both their power of organization and their principles of action. It is interesting to note how completely their conduct under the test gives the lie to the language which their advocates have held. We have been told that the working classes have no special aptitude for combination, that they will be as divided in their action as other classes. What we see, however, before our eyes is a voluntary organization, huge in its extent, despotic in its government, and raising at its will large amounts of taxation, and that from men who can little afford to pay it. They are able to obtain help not only from

other collieries, but from the funds of other powerful Trades' Unions; and their organization is strong enough to enable them to defy all attempts on the part of wealthy coal-owners to lure their leaders into separate negotiations. The lesson clearly taught by the movement in Staffordshire is that the working men are combined into bodies, which act together and obey their leaders with almost military precision; and that the close co-operation of these various Trades' Unions enables any one of them to command resources gathered from the whole of England. The question is whether we have any ground for believing that this powerful machinery will not be employed for political purposes as soon as the enfranchisement of the working men makes it worth the leaders' while to use it for such objects. It may be freely admitted that, in questions where the interests of those who have some property and those who have none do not clash, the Trades' Unions will probably not meddle with politics. They may concern themselves little with foreign policy or with mere party fights. But when there is a question of adjustment of taxation or distribution of property in which the working classes believe themselves to be interested as a whole, it is perfectly clear that the Unions will act with as much vigour as they display now. With such an organization, and with a numerical majority at the hustings, they will be irresistible.

But in what spirit will they use this giant's power? Will they pay a scrupulous regard to the rights of minorities? The proceedings of the colliers throw some light upon this point also. There are a certain number of colliers, especially at one of Lord DUDLEY's collieries, who disbelieve in the efficacy of a strike, and prefer to work for what they can get. But they are not allowed to do it in peace. They have to do it in spite of taunts and threats and insulting demonstrations, which are carried to such an extent that the county police have been compelled to interfere and forbid the most offensive practices. They do not, however, stop at hard words. It is a matter of serious danger to be a "blackleg"—i. e. to continue working when the Trades' Union has given the order to strike. The practices for which Sheffield acquired an evil notoriety some years ago have been renewed in Staffordshire. Three cases have already occurred in which the murder of "blacklegs" and their families has been attempted in the approved form—by a can of powder introduced into the cottage, and exploded between three and four in the morning. Fortunately, these amateur GUT FAWKES are not skilful at their trade, and the intended victim often escapes. But the attempt is not less significant of the spirit in which the working classes, when they have obtained the mastery, may be expected to deal with legal and peaceable opposition. When the interests of the working men as a body are at stake, they allow of no dissentients. Desertion, when the battle of class against class is being fought, is an offence which can only be expiated by death. Professor FAWCETT and Mr. BRIGHT tell us that the working classes will never combine against the other classes if they are placed in a position of political supremacy. We can only judge of the mode in which they will exercise unlimited power by the use they make of the very small amount of power they now possess. They have no power except the illegal intimidation which may be exercised by a voluntary association. Yet even now they are tyrannical and pitiless, forcing the minority to dispose of their labour according to the bidding of the majority, under pain of death. Is it likely that, when the Trades' Unions have it all their own way at Westminster, they will be distinguished for the tolerant and temperate spirit of their legislation?

Where is Mr. BRIGHT all this time? He is very fond of improving the minds of the working classes. Sometimes he recommends them to emigrate, and instructs them in the wickedness of the laws which keep the lands of the rich from them. At other times he explains to them the intense corruption of the upper classes. At others, again, he dwells on the splendid future which awaits (at some little distance) the land of his adoption on the other side of the Atlantic. Might it not be expedient to instil into their minds some conception, however rudimentary, of the truths of Free Trade? The first principle of Free Trade is that every man should be allowed to take his wares to what market he pleases; and, of all wares, a man's labour is that which should be freest. Prohibition is the rankest form of the heresy of Protection; and of all forms of prohibition that is the most objectionable which is enforced by the assassination of offenders, with their wives and families. Yet it is stated that the sympathy with the colliers who are carrying out these retrograde doctrines with this cowardly brutality prevails extensively among all

classes at Birmingham. Mr. BRIGHT's opinions undergo so many curious changes, according to the political exigencies of the moment, that it is difficult to aver with certainty what he would approve and what he would condemn. But, both as Freetrader and as Quaker, one would have thought that he would object to prohibition enforced by murder. If his former convictions still retain any hold over his mind, he might fitly bestow some of his energetic declamation upon his erring constituents. Even for the sake of their character it is time he should interfere. The Trades Unions should not be allowed to make these exhibitions of their principles until a Reform Bill has been fairly passed. At present they do nearly as much damage to the cause of Reform as the illustrations of democratic freedom which are furnished by every mail from America.

AMERICA

ONE of the late telegraphic despatches from New York condensed two contemporary reports into an involuntary anti-climax. "Heavy firing," it was stated, "had been heard on GRANT's left, and the Federals had evacuated Pilot Knob in Missouri." While GRANT threatens the approaches of Richmond, it matters little what may happen hundreds of miles to the West beyond the Mississippi. The Confederacy exists in its armies, and not in the spaces which may for the present be removed from the reach of the invader. It is true that the distances to be traversed constitute one of the principal obstacles to the advance of the Federal troops, but the conquest might be completed at leisure if the Southern armies were scattered or destroyed. The prospects of the Confederates are more gloomy than at any former period. The recent battles in the valley of the Shenandoah are, in some respects, distinguished from any other of the innumerable conflicts of the war. At Winchester, General SHERIDAN for the first time decided the fortune of the day by bringing up an irresistible force of cavalry at the decisive moment. Having himself till lately served chiefly as a cavalry officer, the Federal general understood the proper use of this one special arm; and, when his infantry after a severe contest was checked, he alarmed and overwhelmed the enemy by a charge of horse. The battle was also remarkable inasmuch as it was won by the attacking party, while almost all previous victories on either side had established the superiority of the defence. At Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, and in the Virginian campaign of the present year, the Confederates had, with the aid of intrenchments, repelled the Federal assault. Before the late engagements at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, the battle of Chattanooga, in the autumn of 1863, furnished the solitary instance of a great defeat sustained in position. SHERIDAN may also claim the credit of having been the first to follow up a heavy blow before the beaten army had time to recover its confidence. Little doubt was entertained that EARLY would be able to hold the upper part of the valley against an attack in front, although it seemed possible that his position might be turned by flank movements on the Eastern slope of the mountains. At Fisher's Hill the valley is only three miles wide, and the Confederate army occupied a line of heights which was probably strengthened by earthworks. When General CROOK broke through the left of the line, he seems to have rolled up the Confederate army with so little opposition as to countenance the statement that the troops were demoralized. If SHERIDAN is strong enough to continue his pursuit, he may perhaps either make his way to Lynchburg, or compel LEE to detach a considerable force from the main army at Richmond.

It is, perhaps, one object of GRANT's renewed demonstration against Petersburg to prevent the Confederate Commander-in-Chief from taking measures to repair the disasters in the Shenandoah Valley. The advance against Richmond on both sides of the river must occupy General LEE's full attention, especially as the Federal army, from the nature of the ground, is enabled to move on a shorter line. A diversion on the North bank of the river enabled GRANT to obtain the principal advantage which he has hitherto secured, by seizing the Weldon Railway while it was defended by an insufficient force. For the present, Richmond itself can be exposed to no serious danger, and GRANT's effort is probably directed either against the fortifications of Petersburg or against the Danville Railway. General LEE would perhaps have been not unwilling that the enemy should assume the offensive before the defeat of EARLY; but the loss of some of his best troops, and the probable disorganization of the defeated army, must render the sacrifice of life more than ever serious. The promoters of the war in the

North have been mistaken in many of their anticipations, but they calculated justly that, in an exchange of man for man, the stronger combatant obtained a constantly increasing advantage. The want of men has been conspicuously illustrated in the campaign in Georgia, and all LEE's ability has been required to redress the balance in Virginia. It can be little satisfaction to the Confederate Government to know that the Federals are comparatively weak in Arkansas and Missouri, and that a great part of Louisiana is still unsubdued. FORREST and WHEELER, though they are nearer the main current of the war, have scarcely attempted to interrupt SHERMAN's communications, although they are now on the west of his main line of supply at Pulaski, Athens, and various other points in Tennessee and Alabama. Unless the country is in a position to satisfy the urgent demands of the Confederate Government for recruits, it is difficult to understand how LEE can be furnished with indispensable reinforcements. Recent success will have relieved the Federal Government of the greater part of its embarrassments by stimulating enlistment, and by discouraging resistance to the enforcement of the draft. The difficulties of the Treasury must at the same time have been greatly lightened by the rapid decline of the premium upon gold. In finance and in military operations, as in all other human affairs, it is perfectly true that nothing succeeds like success, and that it tends consequently to repeat and confirm itself.

Admiral FARRAGUT has not yet taken the city of Mobile, but he has effectually closed the port, and it is now believed, with much show of probability, that he is about to attempt a similar exploit at Wilmington. The expensive and inglorious siege of Charleston has shut out all commerce from one chief inlet of the Confederacy, and, if Wilmington is lost, the whole country will be almost excluded from intercourse with the outward world. There is nothing, indeed, to prevent trade between Texas and Mexico; but in the absence of railways, and even of tolerable roads, the transit of bulky articles is almost impracticable. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that rumours of peace should be circulated, although the section of the Democratic party which lately recommended the termination of the war has been wholly silenced. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, while he admits the reverses which have befallen the Confederate cause, declares that the resolution of the Government and people is still unshaken; but it is confidently asserted that the Governor of Georgia has entered into negotiations with General SHERMAN, and it is certain that he has formally withdrawn the State troops from Hood's command. The separate defection of the States would be the greatest danger which could menace the Confederacy. Although each State has, according to the Constitution, a right to dissolve the connexion at its pleasure, the military and political administration has been distinguished by unity as well as by vigour. A separate peace, even if it were legally justifiable, would be virtually an act of treason to the common cause, and on the whole it is probable that, notwithstanding the conquest of a portion of its territory, the State of Georgia will refer the decision of the question to the Government at Richmond. The sufferings of Virginia have been far severer than those of any other Southern State, and yet the heroic population has never even contemplated the possibility of surrender. The only symptom of wavering on the part of the Confederate Government itself consists in the assertion of one of its most thoroughgoing English partisans, that the leaders meditate a proposal for an alliance with the North for the conquest of Canada and Mexico. The utterance of such a threat would be highly indiscreet, and the policy which it indicates is wholly chimerical. If the South offers peace, the Federal Government will assuredly insist on unconditional submission. It is probable that the *Times*' Correspondent has been unconsciously made the vehicle of a tentative or hypothetical menace exclusively designed to alarm the English Government into mediation or recognition.

As M'CLELLAN has not resigned his pretensions to the Presidency, it may be assumed that the Democrats intend to register their numbers at the poll. The outlying and extreme sections on both sides have been absorbed into the masses of the respective parties. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD no longer sway the Democratic councils, and General FREMONT, after wasting considerable sums of money in founding a newspaper to support his candidature, has withdrawn his trivial claims in an unintelligible letter. Mr. LINCOLN has dismissed his confidential friend, Mr. BLAIR, from the Cabinet, for the supposed purpose of promoting harmonious action among his Ministers. With respect to the immediate object of his ambition, he has

little cause remaining for doubt or uneasiness. It is difficult to find a reason for supporting M'CLELLAN, unless an American citizen may be found here or there who objects to infringements of the Constitution; and M'CLELLAN himself was the willing instrument of the imprisonment of the Maryland representatives, which was perhaps the most flagrant outrage committed since the beginning of the war. Military affairs have undoubtedly often been mismanaged, but no army has been starved, or left in want of ammunition, and unprecedented numbers of soldiers in the field have enjoyed an unequalled profusion of supplies. The result of the war, whether it is favourable or disastrous, will have been the work of a Republican Government.

UNFOUNDED ACCUSATIONS.

WE have more than once commented on the rise and progress of a crime which, though not novel in its nature, has at least novel incidents. The successful accusation made by POTIPHAR's wife, though it originated in the *spretæ injuria formæ*, is only an anticipation of cases of every-day occurrence; and certain accidents of our social condition render the charge as easy, and its disproof at least as difficult, as JOSEPH found it to be. Just now this disease of the social body assumes an epidemic form; and it may be that—as frenzies and crazes, the dancing mania, or the flagellant fanaticism of the middle ages, ran an appointed course, and then died out—we are only suffering under a temporary and special form which wickedness takes. Possibly, were Mr. BUCKLE alive, he would strike the averages, and, assuming that there must always be a fixed quantity of crime in the world, he might console us by the assurance that it was immaterial what shape it chose. Though it seems to be by the working of some strange law that there is a fashion in crimes, and that, as Queen-shooting and garrotting have gone out, so unfounded accusations of a particular kind must come in, yet this does not relieve us from the necessity of meeting with all severities these new forms of social evil. If a strange and unknown disease, such as diphtheria, makes its appearance, we call upon the faculty to confront it with new remedies; and the Social Science conclave might have spent, and perhaps did spend, its time a week or two ago less profitably than in dealing with a matter on which every newspaper suggests very serious reflections. Recently we had occasion to comment on the frequency of certain charges made by women against unprotected men in railway carriages, but this is only a single form of a larger and, we fear, growing crime.

In the police reports of last Monday we find three cases of a similar and painful character. A gentleman, described as a shipping agent, was charged with committing an indecent assault on a woman in a railway carriage. This was substantially the case, though the charge was preferred, not by the woman herself, but by the railway company, on what certainly seems a forced interpretation of a by-law, for interfering with the comfort of a passenger. This case is adjourned, and therefore at present we make no comment on it further than to remark that, though the public requires every protection from the railway authorities, yet this protection may be purchased at too dear a rate by this sort of strange practice. The by-law was clearly constructed for a very different purpose from that for which it has been employed in Mr. BALSTER's case. It was designed to protect passengers from drunken men, and from coarse and improper language. In this case it has been used to support a charge which, if true, is ruin to the accused. Such offences as that imputed in this instance ought of course to be punished somehow; but not by this machinery. It is as absurd to apply the Company's by-law to a case of indecent assault as to a case of robbery from the person; and it would be just as reasonable to argue that MÜLLER, had Mr. BRIGGS lived, might have been prosecuted by the railway company under this by-law for "wilfully interfering with the comfort of a passenger," as that Mr. BALSTER ought to be proceeded against in this way. It is only by a childish abuse of words that the offence really charged against Mr. BALSTER can be brought under the by-law at all.

The next case is a very important one; and here again we note a dangerous activity on the part of a railway company, who thought proper, without applying for a warrant, to give into custody a person who is proved to be innocent. A highly respectable wholesale stationer, Mr. WILLES, is charged with indecent exposure, at the Brixton station, by three girls. The case seems on all-fours with the notorious and infamous charge made against Mr. HATCH, except that there is just room to believe—which, however, only exculpates the

Company to some extent—that either some such offence has been committed, or that complaints of some such offence have been made to the railway constables. As regards Mr. WILLES, his innocence is completely and fully established. The statements of the girls, Mr. ELLIOTT believes, “to be trumped up;” and it is quite shocking to find persons so young coming “forward with accusations from which no persons are safe.” As regards the Company, their Secretary—without a word of apology or regret to Mr. WILLES, or a single hint of the indignation which the wickedness of these three girls ought to suggest—affects to treat the case as one of mistaken identity.

The third case is an accusation of rape brought against a respectable young surgeon, a Mr. GOODFELLOW, by a girl named ENGLISH. By the luckiest accident the accused person was able to prove an *alibi* than which Mr. SELFE “never heard” one more clearly or satisfactorily sustained. With less of discretion than gallantry on behalf of this girl, whose unchastity was distinctly proved by medical evidence, and who was in the habit of boasting that she could make any man jealous of his wife or any woman jealous of her husband, Mr. SELFE volunteered an expression of his belief that “she was labouring under some aberration of intellect,” and mildly talked of her “misleading” the witnesses. We should call the offence deliberate perjury, and should describe it as the foulest outrage against an innocent man of which woman could be guilty. What we suppose Mr. SELFE to mean is that he suspects some hysterical affection; but we are by no means sure that, both in this case and in that of Mr. WILLES’ accusers, it is not an hysteria for which twelve months’ oakum-picking and the treadmill would be the best remedy. Certainly we do not pretend to be wiser than Mr. SELFE as to the “inscrutable ways in which a faulty mind” will exhibit itself—to use his own sonorous language; but we hold to a very distinct view that in this case the faulty mind consists in very naughty morals, and that the faulty mind is quite capable of appreciating the force of punishment in a very material and corporeal shape.

It is of course easy and natural and very proper to inveigh against the heinousness of this particular crime. We have done so repeatedly, and we are not disposed to hammer at a nail which has been clenched over and over again. The victims are all but defenceless. It is but oath against oath; or rather it is one oath against an accused whose mouth the law seals. Disproof is all but impossible. The only chance is where there is a conspiracy. In Mr. WILLES’ case, as in the famous old Oriental story of Susanna and the Elders, a separate examination of the accusers may sometimes detect inconsistencies and contradictions. But all our magistrates are not DANIELS, or even ELLIOTTS. And there is a peculiarity in the testimony of these girls, which was brought out in Mr. HATCH’s case, that they generally learn their story with the utmost accuracy and repeat it with verbal fidelity. On the other side, what is there to answer? Testimonies to character, as was proved in the case of the wretched clergyman who was recently convicted for a proved offence of a certain sort, go for little, and ought to go for little, for these odious propensities are always cautiously concealed. And, of all hard things to prove, an *alibi* is the hardest. Had the charge made against Mr. GOODFELLOW been laid on any other day than one on which he was accidentally absent from home for the whole day, he would have had no defence at all. Moreover, the special cruelty of these accusations is that the accused feels himself to be so completely helpless that he is often tempted to furnish evidence against himself by buying off his odious assailants. History recalls some terrible instances of this result. But very recently the public was startled by the pathetic life-story of a banker, a man entirely innocent, and whose life was one prolonged agony, who all but ruined himself by purchasing a temporary immunity from his murderers, for such they were. Even Mr. WILLES was ready to make overtures to his accusers; and though this showed weakness, it is the sort of weakness into which nine men out of ten will fall. Nor is the evil lessened by the consideration that these charges are not always made for purposes of extortion. In neither Mr. HATCH’s case, nor, as it seems, in Mr. GOODFELLOW’s, nor in Mr. WILLES’, was money asked for. The object is either pure, wanton, and unmitigated malevolence, or it is to anticipate coming disgrace by charging violence to account for a loss of virtue, or it is the result of a morbid affection. That the last cause exists, especially in the charges of alleged railway and omnibus indecency, we can quite understand. Women read of these cases, dwell upon them, mentally as it were rehearse them, and then, after getting into an excited and suspicious state

invest their thoughts with fact. Their very dress at the present moment is suggestive quite as much to the wearers as to others. But though this may sometimes account for the matter, it furnishes no excuse for—rather it aggravates—the offence. Women must be taught self-control, and even young girls must receive some very practical warning that they are not to be permitted, by consideration for age and sex, to make society an intolerable evil. The plainest obligation rests on Mr. WILLES and Mr. GOODFELLOW to do all that the existing law allows to secure the just punishment of the offenders. The crime of perjury is no light one, and its present punishment is certainly not heavier than the offence. In a parallel case, a special Act awards special punishment to false charges of an abominable crime. But if it should be found necessary—and the growth of the evil seems to point to something very like such a necessity—we must be as severe with female false accusers as with the male miscreants to whose exceptional offences the law has attached very heavy punishment. It may be said that we cannot flog girls, and that society will not endure even the thought of corporal punishment in the case of such children as those who ruined Mr. HATCH. This is quite true. But, though young in years, the most expert criminals cannot be guilty of more dangerous crimes than these children commit, and commit with all but impunity. They do not destroy life, but only that which is more precious than life. It is therefore the business, however painful a business, of society to devise some deterring punishment which shall be equal to the crime. The hint will soon be understood by those most concerned. A morbid tendency, as it is called, of this sort is quite capable of understanding the consequences which follow its indulgence. We cannot afford to be at the mercy of “disordered intellects” of this very peculiar and very mischievous sort.

The really shocking thing about the matter is, that some very good people, under the auspices of that eccentric nobleman, Lord TOWNSHEND, seem to be doing their very best to encourage this fearful offence. It is scarcely credible, but it is the fact, that there is a Society which expressly advertises for even anonymous accusations which, on the face of the matter, may comprise charges of this kind; and we much fear that their offer of paying the expenses of witnesses—an act which may turn out to be illegal—will actually lead, and perhaps has led, to some of these unfounded charges. If all that the Cecil Street Society aims at is to repress assaults which are not of a sexual character, it ought to make this clear; but it is curious, to say the least of it, that one of this Society’s placards is posted in the window of a coffee-shop in Holywell Street, from which it has been accurately copied as follows:—

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN,
24 CECIL STREET, STRAND.

Information respecting any Women or Children who have been assaulted, or otherwise ill-treated, or who may be in danger of ill-treatment, is earnestly requested. Such information, whether anonymous or not, will always be considered strictly confidential. When circumstances require, the Society undertake to compensate for loss of time, and to pay expenses of Witnesses.

Contributions, however small, in aid of the funds of the Society, will be thankfully received.

PLANS.

SOME people never seem to have any plans, small or great; that is, they allow the whole course of their lives, in matters of importance as well as in trifles, to be arranged for them. We do not see that they look a step before them. They never say, “To-morrow I will do this or that;” “Next year I propose to go to such a place, or take such a step”; just as, when children, they never said, “When I marry,” or “I will be a doctor, or a sailor, or a bishop, or a gentleman.” They have no schemes, as far as we can see, of business or pleasure. They do not talk of their future, immediate or remote; they contemplate no changes; they provide for no contingencies; they simply accept what comes in their way to do. We are not speaking of poor creatures—of persons in any sense feeble or helpless. They may, indeed, have large powers in a given direction, but their minds are curiously occupied by their work. Self, as a thing to be done something with—life, as subject to a law of change—these do not present themselves as questions to their minds. Absorption in any occupation tends to this quiescence. The scholar conning his books, the man of science pursuing an investigation, the lawyer immersed in cases and abstruse points, the affectionate nurse in attendance on some amiable form of selfishness, will all go on from day to day with an almost machine-like application

to their work—work which came to them they have never inquired how, or by what authority, and of which they have never asked how long it is to last, or what is to follow it. It is to be noted that persons of this sort do not suffer as some might suppose by their absence of thought for themselves; they mostly do pretty well. They are, indeed, all more or less slaves to their calling, whatever it is, but they are perfectly contented slaves; and they are such useful members of society that a great deal of the hardest work of society, both in thinking and doing, is accomplished by them, and could hardly be got through by more self-conscious agents. People, in fact, who take to what comes before them to do with this passive acquiescence, and devote their energies to it, will never want work pressing itself on them with a certain weight of obligation. They will never be driven to consider the future from necessity. The course of events will present to them their tasks. We look for a hitch when they will be forced to plan for themselves, but it does not happen. The studious boy, who has contented himself with the work each day presents, will, when the time comes, have his profession pointed out to him with unmistakeable distinctness, and he will step into his calling with the same spirit of implicit submission with which he has prepared himself for it. The girl who has done well what came in her way to do, with scarce a speculation or a plan beyond it, will marry—if she marries—without any necessity for such mental exercises; the man who proposes to her will seem, and in fact will be, her destiny. But, whether wife or maid, the day will still bring her her work to the end, without any contrivance or scheming of her own.

But these people are an exception to the common run. They are marked by a peculiarity which we might almost call a deficiency. Their virtues are of too passive a make; they are, not unlikely, wanting in liberality and generosity, not from the presence of any vice, but from tameness and restrictions of mind and temper. They invent no new ways of being good and useful; things don't strike them; they are content or unobservant under conditions that ought to be mended, and which they might help to mend. Their minds are not more inventive or suggestive for others than for themselves. It is natural, as we all feel, to lay plans. These people puzzle us when we realize the difference between ourselves and them. Few are so occupied with the present as not to have a busy fancy set on the future. Perhaps we should not say fancy; fancy exercises itself on castles in the air, in weaving perpetual novelettes of which self is the hero. The plans we mean are foresight—whether sham or real; practicable schemes of what we shall do with our time, means, place in the world. Our work is subservient to ourselves; we ask how it is to serve us, what it is to end in. With the majority the future—using the word exclusively in its secular sense—is the interest of life. Whether it be a near or a remote future for which they live, they cannot separate the idea of life from schemes and plans—from the consideration of how they are to control things to their ends, or to serve the cause or the persons they care for. This tendency is never wanting in an active complete organization; it is part of that looking before and after which makes a man. But it becomes a mania when people will take no other powers and influences into account, and act on the assumption that nothing important or trivial can go right unless they arrange it. Under this infatuation their whole existence is spent in ordering some programme or another. And as they must plan—and as small things are easier planned for than great, and success more attainable in these—the habit of planning, morbidly indulged, naturally tends to limit and confine the mind, to shut it gradually out of great interests and to involve and entangle it in small and personal ones. How many people might have minds open to general subjects if they could just leave trifles to settle themselves! Of course it is easy to ascribe their dulness or indifference to some inherent deficiency, but persons of excellent capacity are often as prone to egotistical planning and scheming as the foolish and the frivolous. Indeed, as merely foolish and weak people do not get listened to, the fact of a man's having attained to an extreme habit of planning aloud is some testimony to power and vigour of intellect. We are familiar enough with the discovery that persons affecting to listen to some general disquisition are in reality absorbed miles away in the meshes of some plan for the most petty personal convenience (who is not now and then detected in the involuntary hypocrisy?), but the true planner is never detected or betrayed. He plans aloud, and calls the world to his deliberations, nothing doubting that his personal arrangements are the most suitable of topics, as well as the most interesting to all within hearing.

People addicted to this habit cannot accommodate themselves to the restraints or reserves of ordinary society. It is often a clue to men's likes and dislikes, of which they themselves are little aware, whether it is natural or simply impossible to indulge themselves in this way; and people are interesting or the reverse to them, not for their positive qualities, but for their powers of listening and passive sympathy. The active sympathy which prompts to counsel, and perhaps claims to be attended to in return for attention given, is a favour less coveted. Up to a certain point, however, the error is not of the worst sort. It is often so hard to find things to say when something must be said, that we are obliged to any one who throws himself into the breach. There is something genial in a man's exposing his arrangements in all their raw uncertainty to our criticism or approval; and we do not grudge our attention at the first hearing while he deliberates what profession to choose for his son, or what

school to send him to, what street to take a house in, what servants to keep, what hours to fix upon for his meals, what watering-place to visit, where he shall go next year, and where the year after. To discuss all these questions in public seems so artless and confiding, there is such an appeal in it, that most men find it winning at first. But when we meet our friend six months hence, and his private affairs are still unsettled, and their arrangement is still uppermost in his thoughts—when it is still, "What must I do with Tom and Dick?" "Where must I go?" "Shall it be a brougham or a waggonette?" and the rest of it—then it is apparent that plans are an occupation for their own sake. We perceive that we shall never make our way into this mind; the entrances into it are, as it were, strewn with impassable packing-cases, and with a litter and a bustle which would always make our visits unseasonable. The planner expects a time of fruition for his labour, but we know better. We can hardly call this habit the effect of vanity, but it betrays an inveterate pre-occupation and self-absorption which shuts out the higher forms of sympathy as effectually as vanity does; and the way in which one of these planners will remorselessly break up a really pleasant conversation, to parade his newest perplexity or intention to a circle who know by experience that he does not want their help to the solution, is a social injury the recollection of which sometimes outlives worse wrongs.

All persons have their own natural method of entering into relations with the company around them, and talk about their own plans is, with some, this natural mode. Thus, a stranger will occupy a large circle with the question of the tour he is planning. He professes to be open to all advice, and thankful for any suggestion. Maps and Bradshaws are eagerly consulted, everybody's experience is respectfully listened to, and the man thinks himself in earnest; but the whole is a sham and illusion, and the tour is either never taken or owes nothing to the long sessions of professed consultation that have preceded it. We have heard of domestic planning being carried on so habitually that husbands and wives will plan in each other's presence, and even for each other, who shall succeed to these endearing relations in case of the death of the other—plans so far real and practical that, when the time comes, they are actually carried out. There are planners of so inveterate a nature that we hide our own plans from them lest they should at once, from mere instinct, make them pegs for their own scheming. Memories that can look back so far recall the feminine planner before the days of the penny post, from whom her acquaintance were careful to conceal their movements, knowing that her invention would be at work, on the first scent, to load them with letters and parcels, and to devise idle and useless commissions, solely because every event seemed to her to demand some activity on her part, and was regarded as a thing to be made use of. Confidences, with some people, mean a revelation or mutual weaving of plans, and this is often quite as entertaining a sort of confidence as any other. What people are going to do is, indeed, likely to be a more cheerful topic than what they have done—what they expect the next year to bring them than what the last year has brought, what books and studies are going to occupy them than what have employed them hitherto. But nothing shows a greater difference between habits of mind than such occasions. Some persons are not afraid to map out their future to the minutest details, while others, indulgent enough of day-dreams and vague hopes, would expect a "judgment" on any positive verbal statement of what they intend their course to be. The way in which some people habitually plan long beforehand, and carry out their plans to the letter, is often a puzzle to the observer, who feels that it would not answer in his case, and wonders where lies the difference. It is really a thing of temperament, not necessarily involving the question of presumption. Thus persons of wit and humour talk of their plans, from the habit of using themselves as butts, and their schemes as whetstones and provocatives—encouraged and urged on as they often are by their friends, who find it a ready way of hitting some characteristic vein.

The worst kind of planning, as being necessarily the most engrossing, is that which habitually provides for barely possible contingencies. The man who thinks it necessary to provide himself with a line of action for every emergency has no thought for anything out of himself. Plans in their proper place we have nothing to do with here; we are only condemning the habit of mind which makes them a topic. A plan, to be talked of, should immediately precede execution, and should need the listener's assistance or the encouragement of his sympathy before a prompt performance. We hear of long-digested plans, but they are private. Publicity in the moment of conception makes them shadows then and always. Such talk is a substitute for doing. In how many plans of benevolence, or retrenchment, or reform, does not the planner, all unknown to himself, show that he expects to get the credit of performance without the cost! No person can commit himself to some self-denying or liberal or handsome design, and talk much about it, without feeling all the better for the utterance, and a good deal as if he had done the thing, and made the sacrifice he only talks of. So long as a man feels that he commits himself to action and performance by the unfolding of his plans, they are what Shakespeare has called them—"Decrees":—

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them;

but, discussed without vigorous intention, and rested on as a mental exercise and amusement, they belong to "the wild regions of impertinence"—that is, of mere vaporous, profitless talk.

PITHINESS.

THE field of conversation is, in one sense, much wider in English society than it is anywhere else. Politics, for instance, fill a space among us which to nations with a different history is quite incomprehensible. A Frenchman talks politics much as Sindbad might have discussed gymnastics with the Old Man of the Sea on his back. In Italian society, politics have hitherto been partly regarded with the indifference incidental to helplessness, and partly they have been eschewed from the same sentiment which makes a man shrink from exposing the secret of hereditary insanity or the infidelity of his wife. Religion, too, with us forms a topic of characteristic prominence, and though always discussed with more or less of invincible reserve, is perhaps that which is more certain than any other to arouse a great deal of general interest. Young women even will ask you what you think of Bishop Colenso and the Pentateuch, just as they might whether you like M. Fechter's acting or Madlle. Patti's singing. The misfortunes of our neighbours and the scandals of the town are not here the avowed basis of all conversation, as they are principally in Paris and entirely at Rome. Considering this, it is not very easy to understand that absence of a sincere relish for pithy sayings which is undoubtedly to be noticed in nine-tenths of English people. Very few men, and fewer women, out of a too narrow circle where there has been an exceptional degree of cultivation, care for those pungent bits of absurdity which give such unaffected delight to the most commonplace of Frenchmen. Of course, at some houses where unusually clever men and unusually well-educated women are to be found, the appetite for sprightly and pointed speeches is as vigorous here as anywhere else. But such houses are not very numerous. At most dinner-tables, to let off an epigram is a certain means of checking what is ironically styled the flow of conversation. The people either laugh in a hollow way which shows them to be more than doubtful whether they have quite apprehended the point, or else simply gaze at the speaker in solemn silence with the look peculiar to oxen interrupted in their browsing. In country society, the inclination to resent pithy talk as something of the nature of impertinence is even more noticeable than in towns, and conversation is, as a rule, reduced to a regulation level of decorous flatness. In the country they are more oppressed by the cold shade; they are more afraid of offending a vague idol of taste, or breeding, or refinement, with indefinite properties; and they commonly have a notion that openly to enjoy a keen, terse speech is somehow or other offensive to the idol. Poets may sing of the frankness, guilelessness, and simplicity of those whose life is amid the fields and the woods; but a good deal of this is sheer moonshine, and the truth that is left is not incompatible with the fact that country folks are in many respects infinitely more suspicious and reserved than the denizens of towns. A man who has the knack of talking pithily—which means a knack of talking pointedly, and more or less audaciously—cannot expect to be appreciated in an audience by long habit shy and reserved. And, besides, this knack is too apt to take an acrimonious turn. When Mrs. Poyser, for example, said that Mr. Craig was like a cock who thought the sun had risen on purpose to hear him crow, she was not likely to make pithiness a particularly popular quality. Apart, however, from the gall into which pithiness may occasionally be turned, the national reserve tends strongly to check much display of it. We are all so dreadfully in earnest that we cannot tolerate the exaggeration which is more or less essential to the pithiest sayings. Yet truth may sometimes be usefully exhibited through a microscope. Its proportions may be enlarged so as the more readily to attract attention, without making it any the less *nuda veritas*. A pithy saying represents one aspect of the truth in a novel and startling way. But we are discontented with the most brilliant half-truths, because they are also half-lies. Next to the man who will not enjoy a joke until he has diligently analysed it, there is no greater nuisance than one who refuses to see the use of half of anything when it is not possible to get the whole. A pithy saying must necessarily be brief, and therefore can never convey the entire truth about the matter to which it relates, because truth is always many-sided, and surrounded by innumerable qualifications and conditions; but it may disclose the whole gist and meaning of a thing viewed from a certain point, and this may be exceedingly useful.

The English mind seems to entertain an inborn repugnance to the doctrine that brilliant expression is compatible with profound significance. French writers are, in vulgar opinion, superficial and shallow, because they have the good fortune to possess in their language an instrument which makes even dull men talk and write like wits. As a rule, we conclude that the real solid worth of what a man says is exactly in the inverse proportion of the wit and pun-gency with which he says it. In fact, brilliancy and shallowness are commonly received synonyms. The best device for exciting the most solemn distrust is to accuse a man of brilliance. People will condescend to be amused by him, but they scorn the idea of putting any trust in him. There is more than one eminent living writer who is generally disposed of in an incomplete sentence, "He is very brilliant, but—" Granting his brilliance, the rest follows. Partly, perhaps, this theory is due to the necessity for consolation

occasioned in dull minds by the temporary success of superior keenness. Compensation is a law of nature, and it would not be fair for the faculty of pithy speech to be united to that of solid thought. At all events, it is very soothing to stupid people to think so; and they argue from this, not quite logically, that, if wits are shallow, dullards must be deep.

Sermons must, we fear, be accounted powerful agents in extinguishing a taste for pithiness. A nation so mightily addicted as we are to pulpit discourses can scarcely be expected to enjoy short pointed phrases big with meaning. Preachers are like the Irish gentleman who so violently outraged the dignity of a Committee of the House of Commons not long ago. After reading for about an hour from a pile of manuscripts, which seemed to be good for at least five hours more, he was asked by the Chairman if he could not give the Committee the pith of it. "Shure," thundered the injured Hibernian, "and it's all pith." So divines, we suppose, deem their discourses to be all pith. In Scotland they are nearly as fond of sermons as they are of whisky, and the consequence is they have so utterly lost all appreciation of pithiness, if they ever had any, as to mistake for it that awful and indescribable something known as "Scotch wit." We should be very slow, however, to laugh at the ponderosity and pointlessness of "wit" when we remember the windy stuff which has passed current among ourselves for the pithy utterance of Proverbial Philosophy. Thus—

If the mind is wearied by study or the body worn with sickness,
It is well to lie fallow for a while in the vacancy of sheer amusement;
But when thou prosperest in health and thine intellect can soar untired,
To seek uninstrusive pleasure is to sleep on the couch of indolence.

Reflecting that countless editions of this sonorous inanity have been the chief literary food of a whole generation of young ladies, who can wonder at the boundless insipidity of talk at balls and dinner-parties? Questions whether her brother, if she had one, would like cheese, or whether she can wag her left ear, are quite sensible enough for the foolish virgin who has fancied she was drinking in wisdom and philosophy from such wondrous verses as—

Thrust not thine hand among the thorns but with a leathern glove.

Or,

The epitome of common life is seen in the common epitaph,
Born on such a day, and dead on such another, with an interval of three-score years.

Or,

Man liveth from hour to hour, and knoweth not what may happen.

It does not say much for the popular discrimination of philosophy or literature that the world should have been so successfully taken in by this most woful counterfeit of pithiness—a pithiness which expands the baldest platitudes into monstrous length and pomposity. And yet one may know plenty of solemn wiseacres who bore their wives and children, and as many other people as they can prevail upon to listen to them, with oracular sayings of equal vapidity. They fancy they go straight to the root of all sorts of matters, of the extent and nature of whose surface even they have no conception. Sham pithiness of this sort is the most wearisome kind of dulness. A man had much better confine himself all his life to the weather and the one or two other topics of equal safety than turn general oracle.

The ordinary novels commonly give a very faithful representation of the average spirit and point of every-day conversation, and this is one of their most tedious faults. To listen to tame talkers is bad enough, but to have to read weak chat, entered with all the accuracy of a log-book, is intolerable. As the characters in a book cannot be always talking pithily and to the point, the wiser novelists are beginning to omit long dialogues altogether. Mr. Trollope, it is true, still goes on writing out long palavers between government clerks and their landladies, between simple girls and their not less simple mammas, between dull officials and commercial travellers and cathedral dignitaries; but he writes them out with a charm peculiarly his own. Yet, notwithstanding this, one is sometimes puzzled to know what is gained by three or four pages somewhat in this style:—

"Here is the inkstand."

"Thank you. I think I shall write to John. I dare say he will like to hear from me."

"Yes, I am sure he will. He told me he was always grateful for news from Barchester."

"Did he? It is natural that he should like to feel that his old friends have not forgotten him."

"Mrs. Proudie met me just now at the gate, and asked if we had had a letter from John since he went away."

"I wonder why she should ask you?"

"I do not know. Perhaps she thinks we are more likely to have heard from him than any one else in Barchester."

"Yes. Have you a stamp?"

Mr. Millais draws two elegant young ladies, and the printer places below them—"Have you a stamp?" and the whole thing is a very fair photograph of what goes on in any number of houses every day in the year. The dialogue does not seem very pithy, but it pleases a very great number of readers, who did not see much point in, and were not much pleased by, the Florentine gossip of *Romola*. It would be difficult to find a better illustration of what we mean by complaining of the lack of relish for pithy sayings in English conversation than may be derived from a comparison of some of the dialogues in Mr. Trollope's books with the chatter of Bratti, and Nello the barber, and his friends, in the Florentine piazza.

ITALIAN CHRONOLOGY AGAIN.

IT is an old saying that it is a hard matter to argue with the master of fifty legions. But it is an older saying still that there is no royal road to geometry. We had our laugh about two years ago over a certain Imperial production which showed that, as there is no royal road to geometry, neither is there any imperial road to chronology. The master alike of Rome and of Paris thought it fine to round a period in honour of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope by the grand-sounding assurance that it had "existed for ten centuries." We had our laugh at the singularly unlucky shot of the Imperial chronologer. Of all possible times from which to date the beginning of the temporal power, the temptation of a grand rhetorical bit of reckoning had led the modern Augustus into the very worst. There was the choice of all sorts of times from the Donation of Constantine to the victories of Caesar Borgia, but then none of them made a reckoning which had so fine an effect as exactly ten centuries. Ten centuries, to be sure, landed the beginning of the temporal power at so specially unhappy a point as the reign of the Emperor Lewis the Second. But who knew anything about Lewis the Second? Might not so much more famous an Emperor deal as he pleased with him and his chronology? So we have the master of the fifty legions, deaf to all argument, putting forth his letter again, ten centuries and all, just as it stood before. We feel thankful to him for so doing, as the joke is even better in 1864 than it was in 1862. It is now exactly ten centuries to a year since Lewis, Emperor of the Romans and King of Italy, entered Rome in triumph, and, we are sorry to add, treated the Bishop of Rome in a manner which showed very little recognition indeed of any temporal power in that Prelate. No millenary could well be more auspicious if the successor of Lewis in the Italian Kingdom were about to receive an Imperial coronation in St. Peter's; but no millenary could be more ludicrously ill-chosen for the consecration either of Papal or of Parisian dominion. It would be hard to find a point in history coming nearer to the picture of a national Italian monarch with the Bishop of Rome as his subject. To be sure we read, a few years later, of a person described as "Gallie tyrannus," who "regnum Italie invasit" (Annales Fuldenses, 875). Yet it does not appear that he came to set up the temporal power of the Pope, but simply to get what he could for himself. This Gaulish tyrant seems to have done business somewhat in the Bismark and Falkenstein fashion—"Omnes thesauros quos invenire potuit unca manu collegit." But of the King of Italy ten centuries back we read a very different character:—"Hludowicus Imperator, qui Italie regnum regebat, fuit princeps pius et misericors, justitie deditus, simplicitate purus, ecclesiarum Dei defensor, orphanorum et pupillorum pater, eleemosynarum largus largitor, servus Dei humiliter se submittebat, ut justitia ejus maneret in seculum et cornu ejus exaltaretur in gloria" (Regino, 874). The present King of Italy certainly need not blush for his predecessor; and it is something to learn that, ten centuries back, a man might be the "defender of the churches of God" without acknowledging any temporal sway in the Roman Bishop—that he might humbly submit himself to "the servants of God" without any humiliation before their servant.

When Emperors flounder about in this way in a chronological slough of despond, what can we expect from a mere Own Correspondent? It is not our old acquaintance at Paris with whom we have to do this time, nor yet our new acquaintance who has been enlightening us with his views about the Brunswick succession and the post-office at Lübeck. For a long time past the soil of Paris has been singularly barren in metaphors and comparisons. "The fiery breath of the steeds of Phœbus" has been altogether quenched for months, if not for years. If the occupation of Jutland suggests Shylock and the Inquisition, the boot and the thumbscrew, it is really not very wonderful. Perhaps a Correspondent at Paris feels that his own wares will not stand a comparison with the Imperial manufacture, and prudently retires from all competition. But on a Correspondent at Turin no such necessity is laid. Let us listen; even an Emperor need not blush at such a piece of composition as this:—

"*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*" Papal Rome cannot choose. If mild measures are out of the question, can St. Peter's chair be made to stand on actual strength? Behold, since Clemark VII., or perhaps since Boniface VIII., the Papal chair has never had any other basis than sheer force, but that force was always backed by direct or indirect overbearing foreign influence. The Papal Throne was founded on French spears by Charlemagne, as it is now propped up by French bayonets under Louis Napoleon's auspices. This is no new trial, no unprecedented experiment. Deliver the Romans from the actual threat, or even the remote chance, of foreign independence, and the Pope will always have to look abroad for a home. It is precisely this heroic obstinacy that has made the Italians what they are. Ten and a-half centuries have done nothing towards rooting the Pope to the Roman soil.

Here is a degree of accuracy which altogether shames the Imperial vagueness. The mere rhetoric of "ten centuries" is corrected into the arithmetical precision of "ten and a-half centuries." Let us do our sum in subtraction. From 1864 take 1050 and there remains 814, the year of the death of Charles the Great. Charles, like Hannibal, has now had a long rest as far as leading articles are concerned, but it seems that he cannot be left alone at such remote corners as Turin. There is something very remarkable in the choice of this year 814 as that of the beginning—what we suppose we ought to call the "inauguration"—of the temporal power. Charles "founded the Papal Throne"—never mind, for the present, what he founded it on—but the foundation dates from the year of his death. We are driven therefore to suppose that he founded it by

his will—a curious circumstance which historians have hitherto forgotten to notice. Still it is quite possible that Our Own Correspondent may be right and all other authorities wrong, for we find the very next year a conspiracy against Pope Leo suppressed, and its leaders put to death by the Pope's command. This looks like a very practical sort of temporal dominion; only we read also that the Emperor was much displeased, and that it required some diplomacy on the part of the Pontiff to pacify the Emperor and his nephew the King of Italy, who was commissioned to inquire into the matter. On the whole, then, this new date, though far more tempting than the Imperial "ten centuries," will not altogether hold water.

And now let us marvel for a bit at the strange foundation thus oddly attributed to the much-enduring Frankish Emperor. But first of all, who is the Charlemagne who, ten centuries and a half ago, founded the Papal Throne? We are by no means clear that it is our old hero the son of Pippin. For he is brought into a relation with Pope Clement the Seventh—Clemark is of course a mere misprint—which, to say the least, needs some explanation. The time since which "the Papal chair" has had no "other basis than sheer force" dates from Clement the Seventh. But it was Charlemagne by whom "the Papal Throne was founded on French spears." Unless there is some subtle distinction between "the Papal chair," without a capital letter, and "the Papal Throne" with one, we are driven to believe that "Charlemagne" and Clement the Seventh were contemporaries. Now "Charlemagne," "Carolus magnus," is a name which might be applied to more persons than one, and a "Charlemagne" who had anything to do with Clement the Seventh must surely have been not Charles the First, son of Pippin and Bertrada, but Charles the Fifth, son of Philip and Johanna. It was then the hero of Robertson, not the hero of Eginhard, who accomplished this extraordinary feat of founding the Papal Throne upon French spears. To be sure it seems rather odd, when one thinks of the battle of Pavia and the Treaty of Madrid, that he should choose to found it on French spears rather than on Spanish, Austrian, Flemish, or Burgundian spears. But the process would be just as unaccountable in the other Charles. Or rather it would be more unaccountable still. French spears at least existed in the days of the later Charlemagne, while neither French spears nor French anything else had come into being in the days of the earlier. As for the fact that Charles the Fifth and Clement the Seventh did not live nearly so long ago as "ten and a-half centuries," that counts for very little in this style of writing. Those who go for their history to Our Own Correspondent must, in Lord Macaulay's phrase, take such chronology as they can get and be thankful.

And now, leaving all thought as to who did it and when it was done, let us stop and contemplate the exploit itself. A throne is founded on spears. Observe the gradations by which we reach this magnificent metaphor. First—that is, if we are right in looking on the "chair" and the "Throne" as one and the same thing—it "stands (or does not stand) on actual strength"; then it has "no other basis than sheer force"; lastly, leaving these somewhat vague descriptions, we come to the main picture, a Throne founded on French spears and propped up by French bayonets. That is, we suppose, the spears are set straight like pillars, and the bayonets lean slanting-wise, like flying-butresses. Moreover, the founding was done by Charlemagne apparently in person, while the propping is not done by Louis Napoleon in person, but only under his auspices. We thus get a vivid notion of the uneasy nature of the seat occupied by all the Pontiffs from Clement the Seventh to Pius the Ninth. A throne founded on spears and propped by bayonets must be about as firmly fixed as a world standing on a tortoise or a city founded on eggs. The latter phenomenon, as we all know, might, in the days of the magician Virgilius, be seen, if not actually at Rome, as near to the Eternal City as Naples. In this latter case too we know that, if Humpty Dumpty did not exactly get a great fall, yet he at least now and then quaked and made the city founded upon him to quake also. May we venture to heighten one metaphor by a kindred one? The Spanish Cortes once voted that "the Throne of Isabella the Second shall be the basis of the political edifice." We suppose that, in the new state of things at Rome, the Throne of Pius the Ninth will, in the like sort, be the basis of the political edifice. Let us try and enlarge our faculties to conceive a throne founded on spears, propped by bayonets, and acting as the basis of an edifice. Let us try to realize the position, comfortable or uncomfortable as may happen, of the Pontiff thus sitting, with the spears under his feet and the edifice over his head. The two elements of the picture come from different sources, but there is surely no unfairness in using each to improve the other. So far as a throne can be founded on spears, so far as it can form the basis of an edifice, the spears and the edifice in no way interfere with one another, and the throne may fully discharge both functions, that of resting on the spears and that of supporting the edifice. Whether the Pontifical acrobat thus enthroned would keep his seat for ten and a-half centuries, or even for ten centuries without the half, is a matter about which we must beg to be excused from pronouncing any opinion. But we recommend Punch to make hay while the sun shines, and to let us see the sight long before any such space of time has passed away.

On the great principle of every man minding his own business, we should be inclined to say that Our Own Correspondent would be better employed in telling us what is happening now than in speculating about what happened ten and a-half centuries ago. The business of an Emperor is less easy to define; but, as far as

we can venture into great matters which are too high for us, we should certainly hold that neither chronology nor rhetoric forms any part of it, least of all chronology and rhetoric rolled together into what, if it came from a less august person, we should not scruple to describe as nonsense.

THE BRISTOL CHURCH CONGRESS.

AUTUMN, according to Horace, summoned the undertakers and opened wills; now-a-days it brings out idle M.P.'s and opens Congresses. We cannot but say that Churchmen were for once wise in following the men of science in these annual gatherings. In this instance, at least, the harmony of religion and science is effectual. A Church Congress, consisting of laymen and ecclesiastics, peers and churchwardens, bishops and curates, is a significant sign. If it shows nothing else, it is a proof of vigorous life. The astute Church of Rome has been obliged to follow the example of the Church of England, and the meetings at Malines are second, both in time and importance, to those of Cambridge, Oxford, and Manchester. The meeting just concluded at Bristol seems to display an advance on its predecessors. More and more representative men are found to attend these Church Congresses at their successive anniversaries, and they exhibit very fairly the general level of the English Church—a level which they certainly tend to elevate. It is natural for men who have one object in view—and have, in plain words, a life to live—to do all that they can to make their work and its means complete. Hence it is that the men of science have been in the habit, for the last quarter of a century, of meeting together once a year for the purpose of comparing notes, registering successes, noting failures, marking out things lacking, explaining points gained, helping each other, teaching and being taught. They have invented a formula for their meetings; they have a President in ordinary, sub-presidents, or chairmen, for sections; they read papers and debate on them. They agree on something to be done before the next year. The result is increased interest in a common pursuit—a definite aim, precision, and a general clearing of the mind, both as to their work, its deficiencies and its successes. What science is to the philosopher, that the Church's work is to every Churchman. If it is worth while to be a Churchman at all, it is worth while to be a real working one. To the clergy who have a calling and a life to lead, an engrossing and exclusive one, it is only natural and right that they should feel the same interest in it that a chemist does in his retorts and crucibles. But the Church consists of other than its ministers; and Church work is just as much a layman's business as it is the parson's. As far as we understand these Congresses, there is only one subject which they do not discuss, which is doctrine. These assemblies do not affect to be synods; and they can, of course, conclude nothing. Their function is, and they may as well openly avow it, to agitate.

And why should not Churchmen agitate? In the days of stately Hurds and literary Warburtons and Watsons, a Church Congress would have been an impossibility. It was not thought the thing for the Church—or religion either for the matter of that—or indeed for anything serious, to be intrusive and lively. It was not in good taste to be in earnest in anything. Now to be earnest is a fashion; and it were both a scandal and an absurdity for the Church not to be as lively and as much in earnest as statistics or ethnology. Besides which, the Church has interests, and special interests too. We are not speaking of the ecclesiastical corporation, or of any matter of tithes or endowments. But the Church, that is the laity and clergy, have a certain bond of union in professing the same belief and in forming, in the highest sense of the word, a brotherhood. To this brotherhood belong duties, aims, common objects, and a common necessity of making the best of its position. The Church has this in common with all brotherhoods—the Foresters, the tea trade, the Royal Society, the order of Baronets, the Ballot Society. Now, if it is not wrong—and nobody pretends that it is wrong—for these bodies to act together, to take counsel together, to agitate against special grievances, why should it be wrong in the Church to do the same thing? These Congresses are but the natural expression of a law of humanity. And they take this particular form because other and older organizations were found to be unsuitable to the new necessities of the Church. In early and mediæval times doctrine was the only thing that the Church was concerned with, because organization, extension, material development, and the application of means to new necessities was not understood. Besides, the real reason that Church synods only consisted of ecclesiastics is to be found in the fact that ecclesiastics were the only educated men. But as time went on, and laymen were as well educated as the clergy, and a whole crowd of secular needs—in a word, business—entered into the Church's work, it became a matter of necessity that lay Churchmen should take their place side by side in Church work with the clergy. And being so gathered together, what more natural, nay, what more desirable, than that they should discuss their grievances, real or supposed, and do their best to get rid of them? In these agitations against grievances, by the way, we observe that the laity are quite as eager as the clergy, and often much more so. We do not observe that any clerical speaker at Bristol has spoken with the ferocity of Mr. Hoare the banker. In a state of society like that of modern Europe, where all sorts of associated interests are recognised and protected, and at the same time regulated and meddled with, by a supreme body called the State, it is impossible but that *gravamina* must suggest themselves

to these associated interests. The Roman Catholics have special interests, and they had special injuries. They combined, they remonstrated, they agitated; and in time their grievances were removed. The Dissenters had special injustice inflicted on them; there were the Test and Corporation Acts; there was the subscription of their teachers to the doctrinal statements of the Thirty-nine Articles. These things became intolerable grievances; after appeal and agitation, the grievances were put an end to. Very many Churchmen think the present Court of Appeal badly constituted; very many Churchmen think there ought to be more Bishops; very many Churchmen dislike the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Commission. If they think so, why should they not say so? and why should they not strive, and move heaven and earth, and agitate till they get things their own way? If their agitation is wrong, let it be met with agitation the other way. This was the way civil and religious liberty was won; and why should not the same means and arms be employed by those who dislike the Court of Appeal as were used, and successfully, in the cause of Free Trade, and the Hop duties, and the Paper duty, and Catholic disabilities, and Dissenters' marriages? To say that these Church Congresses lead to agitation, is to say nothing. Of course they do. Men who are in earnest must agitate; and if Parliament is the only body to whom the appeal can be made, let Parliament men be bullied and terrorized about the increase of the Episcopate as they are bullied about the ballot. To be sure "More Bishops" would make an odd hustings cry, and Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble as secretaries of an Anti-Court-of-Appeal league sounds strange; but in the way of principle there is nothing to object to in all this—nor in the way of machinery. If other Churchmen are strongly in favour of retaining for ever the sacred and mystical number of twenty-six Bishops, it is as open to these ecclesiastical Protectionists to agitate as it is to the Reformers. These Congresses present a fair field for people of the most opposite views to meet and fight it out. It is only to truth and to the opinion of the majority that the victory will incline; and if some men are more active, more zealous, or more noisy in proclaiming and recommending their views than others, the chances are that they will win. In all other matters they win; and Church affairs are not exceptional in this, that they are generally managed as the most active people dictate.

We are not, therefore, astonished or surprised, shocked or pleased, that the Bristol Church Congress has followed the ordinary law which governs all bodies of men engaged in discussing and making the best of their own peculiar business. Apart from the necessarily polemical character of some of the subjects, there remains a vast number of subjects discussed, which it is impossible to deny are important in themselves, and which can only be well treated by those experienced and practised in parochial and other management. To bring men of all ranks and parties, views and schools, together is in itself a good; and those who stand aloof from such meetings must make up their minds to be set down as either half-hearted in their peculiar views, so far as they have views, or as being possessed with little interest in what ought to be the paramount business of life. To the clergy in particular who attend these gatherings, great good must be the result. It is a special temptation to a clergyman, especially a rural one, to consider himself a very great man. He is a great man in his own circle, but that circle is a very small one. It does the stiff and pompous parish-priest all the good in the world to find out that he has many superiors in every possible accomplishment and gift. It does Bishops good; for lawn is apt to be starched, and the kotoko of the domestic chaplain and the adulation of expectant curates is not good for the moral digestion. A large Church Congress is an admirable remedy, too, for conceit and craze. Even Brother Ignatius may, if he has the sense—and he is by no means wanting in sense of a sort—profit by meeting with men quite as earnest and not quite so foppish as himself. To a man who despises breeches and boots it is perhaps almost hopeless to address a hint. But common sense is the one virtue in which the eccentric Mr. Lyne is most deficient, for, to do him justice, no one can charge him with insincerity; and if, as is likely enough, he only went to Bristol to show off his cowl and his gifts of speech, which are said to be considerable, the attention which he received from an adverse audience may teach him or any other candidate for cheap martyrdom the lesson that there are rebukes more severe than the hisses of a mob, and that it is his duty to make as much allowance for the feelings of others as they make in giving him credit for a perverse and insane honesty of purpose. In a word, judging from the practical character of the subjects discussed, the care and attention bestowed on the papers, the moderation of most of the dissenters, and the temperate tone of the discussions, we must say that these Church Congresses are a most happy innovation, and that the character of agitation attributed to them is only what belongs to the very nature of all popular assemblies of men of one pursuit and object.

THE FOOD OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

THE curious and interesting appendix which Dr. Edward Smith has contributed to the Sixth Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council is the first attempt which has been made to substitute statistics for declamation in the discussion of the dietary of the poor. Considered in this light, the importance of the

inquiry is very great. It may not lead—indeed it is hardly possible that it should lead—to any immediate results; but it supplies, in some measure, that kind of information the collection and diffusion of which must form the basis of any well-considered attempts to improve the economical condition of the people. Hitherto, if any one has wished to know whether the bulk of the population is well or ill fed, he has only been able to draw his conclusions from a single employment or a single neighbourhood, and the consequence has been that the answer to the question has, in almost every instance, been infected with vicious generalities. The condition of the labourer has been compared with that of the labourers of other countries, as well as with that of the convicts or the paupers of our own, but the value of such comparisons has been minimized by the invariable absence of any data on which to found them. The one thing which no one has been able to get or to give has been a matter-of-fact statement as to what the poor eat, and how much of it; and it is this omission which Dr. Smith has undertaken in part to supply. The larger half of his report is devoted to the condition of farm labourers, and it is with this portion of it only that we propose at present to deal. The area of the inquiry was designedly made as wide as possible. Dr. Smith selected three hundred and seventy families, scattered over thirty-seven counties, and from their statements, made in answer to uniform and carefully prepared questions, he has constructed a series of tables which exhibit the numbers, the income, and the description and nutritive value of food, of each of these typical households. The estimate of income is necessarily very imperfect, as the weekly wages are generally helped out by allowances of which the money value could not be accurately computed, but the statements as to the amount of food Dr. Smith considers to be fairly accurate. Great pains were taken to ensure that the subjects of the inquiry should be neither more nor less industrious, healthy, and capable of work than the ordinary members of the class to which they belonged; and although the results cannot, of course, be relied on in respect of any single county or smaller district, they may be taken as approximating pretty closely to the truth in respect of the country at large.

From any general conclusions as to the dietary of the farm labourers, the case of unmarried men living in their masters' houses must be carefully excepted. The latter are among the best-nourished populations in the kingdom. Their food is excellent in quality, and even needlessly abundant in quantity. They have usually four meals a day, and meat or bacon is universally given at one, and frequently at three of these; while at dinner there are vegetables, pies or puddings, and beer or cider in addition, and milk is always supplied at breakfast and supper. At a farm in Devonshire, Dr. Smith found the constituents of the day's meals to be as follows:—Breakfast and supper—bread and milk, or bread and clotted cream, followed by fried potatoes and boiled milk and plum-pudding, or bread, cheese, and cider, or cold meat four or five times a week. Dinner—always hot meat, with vegetables and bread, and milk and flour-pudding. At another farm, in Yorkshire, the bill of fare was, "Breakfast and supper—cold meat and bacon, or cold meat-pie, cheesecakes or custard puddings, milk and bread. Dinner—hot boiled meat and broth three days, hot meat-pies four days, with vegetables, fruit pies, or milk-pudding and bread." Eleven other cases are given, all of which bear a general resemblance to those quoted. When we compare this state of things with the condition of labourers living at home with their families, the difference is very remarkable. The men, indeed, viewed as a class, are not, in Dr. Smith's opinion, ill-fed, and this conclusion is supported "by their known longevity," and by the sickness returns of Benefit Societies. But this holds good only of the men, taken apart from their families, since the share of the labourer himself is not only larger than that of the rest, but includes "in the poorer districts nearly all the meat and bacon"; and the quantity, and still more the nutritive quality, of the food "obtained by the wife, and also by the children at the period of rapid growth," often fall short of the limit which is necessary to keep them in health. Thus, taking as a standard of comparison the 30,100 grains of carbon and 1,400 grains of nitrogen which were proposed by Dr. Smith as the minimum weekly nourishment to be provided for the Lancashire operatives, out of the 370 families examined, 77 obtained less than this quantity of carbon, and 132 less than this quantity of nitrogen; the lowest quantities being 18,348 grains of carbon, and 718 grains of nitrogen, per adult weekly. By way of contrast, it may be stated that the food consumed by each of the labourers living in the house of a large Yorkshire farmer contained 81,000 grains of carbon, and 3,900 grains of nitrogen.

Turning now to the different kinds of food eaten, Dr. Smith reports that the total average quantity of breadstuffs eaten by each adult was 12½ lbs. weekly, the extremes ranging from 5½ lbs. to 27 lbs. "Bread ready baked was purchased as a principal member of this class of food by 30 per cent." of the families visited—a habit, however, which "is too generally associated with an ill-managing wife, and leads to the feeding of the children with dry bread, as an easier mode than cooking a dinner." Wheaten flour "was purchased as a principal member of this class" in 60 per cent. of the cases; and Dr. Smith differs from most medical authorities in his conviction that the universal preference of white to brown flour is "based upon principles of sound economy." In many counties, wheat is allowed as part of the wages, or sold to the labourer by the farmer below its market value. Oatmeal was used for cakes in Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland; elsewhere it has been discontinued since the

fall in the price of wheat. Barley is still given as part of the wages in the Northern counties, in which also maalin—a mixture of wheat and rye, usually in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter—is occasionally used as a somewhat cheaper food than wheaten flour. Potatoes were eaten in 87 per cent. of the cases, to the average amount of 6 lbs. per head weekly. They form a most important element in the labourer's dietary, because, as they are chiefly produced by his own labour, and at a very small cost, they enable him to save money which must otherwise be spent in bread, and also because they often enable the poor to make up a dinner or hot supper with a morsel of meat or bacon; and "it must always be borne in mind that the 'making up' of a meal is a most essential part of the duties of a housewife in managing the very limited resources at her disposal." In a lesser degree, the same may be said of the use of green vegetables. Sugar, including treacle, was used in nearly all the cases, in an average quantity of ¼ lb. per adult weekly, the extremes being 3½ oz. and 16 oz. By the very poor, and those who get plenty of milk, it is regarded as a luxury, but where the supply of milk is small, and tea is largely substituted, sugar becomes a necessary. There is, however, a general belief that treacle is not a cheap food, "perhaps on the ground that it is absorbed by the bread, and then does not satisfy the children, the satisfaction of the sight being a very pressing item in the arrangement of the poor man's dietary." Of the "separated fats," butter was eaten almost universally, while lard or dripping was used in about half the cases. The latter was sometimes eagerly purchased, but the supply of it was nowhere equal to the need. In one or other form, fat was eaten universally, the average weekly quantity being 5½ oz. for each adult.

Meat and bacon are included under one head in the Report, both because they are in practice interchanged according to circumstances, and because their nature is the same, and "they differ only in the relative quantities of carbon and nitrogen which they contain, bacon being about one half richer in carbon, and meat one half richer in nitrogen." The distinction implied in the expression often used of labourers in the south-western counties, "Oh, they only get a little bacon, they never eat meat," is not, therefore, founded in fact; "on the contrary, bacon is selected by the poor on good grounds," when they might, if they liked, purchase the less costly food. Of all the families visited, 30 per cent. never ate butcher's meat, while, in other cases, they only obtained it in the shape of sick sheep, killed on the farm, and taken as a part of their wages. The average quantity of both kinds eaten weekly amounted to 1 lb. for each adult; the extreme in the different counties varied from 5½ oz. in Shropshire to 35 oz. in Northumberland. In some cases, the minimum was less than ¼ lb. weekly. These quantities were not, however, equally distributed. When there is but little, the whole is usually cooked for the Sunday's meal, and what is left from that is kept for the husband, who eats it for his daily dinner. Thus, "if the family be thrifty, the husband will have a morsel of meat or bacon throughout the week, whilst his wife or children may eat it but once, and both himself and his household believe that course to be necessary to enable him to perform his labour." Pickled pork is the form of meat most commonly used, and this chiefly for the seemingly anomalous reason that it is the least liked. Children who have a distaste for fat are sooner satisfied with pork than with leaner meat, and though the wife knows little of principles of nutriment, "she has gained by hard experience an acute perception as to the food which will supply the greatest number of meals." Bacon, again, has many advantages over butcher's meat. It does not shrink when boiled; it can be easily fried in small portions, when it supplies dripping for the children and meat for the parents; it makes a savoury dish with greens or potatoes; it can be kept in the house and eaten at any time, whereas fresh meat can, in country places, be got only on one day in the week; and "it is usually bought from the grocer, who is accustomed to give credit, which the butcher does not." Where cheap cheese is obtainable, it is regarded as an inferior food, and eaten only by those who are too poor to buy meat; elsewhere it is a luxury, desirable but not necessary, and therefore rarely purchased. The average quantity eaten was 5½ oz., but the extremes were very widely separated, in Cornwall the amount for each adult being too small to be computed, while in Dorset it was as much as 12½ oz. weekly. Of liquid foods, three-fourths of the families obtained milk in one or other of its forms, though only one-fourth ever drank new milk. The average quantity was 32 oz., or a little more than 1½ pint, weekly, the extremes being ½ oz. and 120 oz. The causes which determined the supply were often very arbitrary in their operation. In dairy counties, skimmed milk and buttermilk are to be had easily, but in cheesemaking districts it is very difficult to get either. Large towns naturally absorb all the milk of the surrounding country, and "where fattening cattle is the principal occupation, or where the land is chiefly under plough," the farmers can scarcely obtain it for their own use. In some of the villages visited, the whole supply was in the hands of one man, so that if it was insufficient, only his own labourers would be able to get any. On many large farms, it is too much trouble to serve the skimmed milk to customers, and it is all given to the calves, pigs, or hounds. On the other hand, in some districts skimmed milk is regularly given to the labourers, "either at a small cost or without charge"; but as in summer both skimmed milk and buttermilk become sour before they are sold, and in that state cannot be cooked, their value is much lessened at the very time when they are most abundant.

The use of tea was universal, while coffee was drunk in only 44 per cent. of the cases. This difference is owing to the fact that the latter cannot be taken without milk and sugar—*café noir* not being a labourer's luxury—while in tea one or both may be dispensed with. The average amount was $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. weekly, and this "falls largely to the share of the wife and children, who take it twice and often thrice a day, though in a few cases the husband was accustomed to take it with him to his work." There was more uniformity in the consumption of tea than in that of any other food, as it is not "nicely graduated in quantity to the number of persons contained in the family, but rather to the number of meals at which it is taken." Weak beer, or cider, is given almost everywhere as part of the wages during the summer, and the amount actually drunk in the harvest field is very large, two gallons and upwards being a not uncommon daily allowance, but only a very small quantity ever enters the labourer's cottage. Certain villages were found to have a bad name for intemperance, but even in these it was the fault of the few and not of the many, and "there can be no doubt that the habits of the farm labourers in this respect have greatly improved during the last few years." We must defer to another opportunity any notice of the practical suggestions which Dr. Smith deduces from these investigations.

A ROYAL COMMISSION FOR GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS.

IT is a bad sign, as regards "middle-class" education, that for some years it has been a subject anxiously studied by most of those who study public questions at all, except, most conspicuously, the middle classes themselves. It is not that they do not lead on the question—which, all things considered, is neither to be expected nor perhaps desired—but they do not even follow. Especially is this the case in towns, where the tradesman has his position clearly marked, and, when the shutters are up and the apron off, attains an independence which enables us to say that he acts as he thinks and feels. The tradesmen of a town have, moreover, such an easy opportunity of circulating and collectively supporting any views which concern the interest of their own body, that, if they refrain from acting on any question, it is because the question has for them no such interest as may induce them to act. The case of the agriculturist is very different. The connexion between landlord and tenant, and the distance at which tenants or yeomen live from one another, have considerable effect in allaying that contagious eagerness for meeting and discussion which shopkeepers often manifest in the "local parliaments," vestry-meetings, or meetings of voluntary organization, which are to be found in towns. We incline to think that, as regards the interest or the apathy with which the two classes respectively view attempts to place in their way a superior education for their children, there is just now more hope of the farmers. At any rate, the leading members of that class—influenced by their landlords, and perhaps impressed with the vast changes wrought within their own experience by scientific agriculture—are seeking, in far more numerous instances than before, a superior education for their sons; whereas the tradesmen, where such an opportunity lies within their easy reach as is generally remote from the farmer, fail to show an appreciation of it, and turn away very commonly from the higher to the baser and feebler of two places of education that are equally accessible.

Yet for all this, or rather precisely on this very account, it would be well to take stock of existing resources and to ascertain how far they are being turned to account; and this is one of the objects which might usefully occupy the attention of the Royal Commission which has been lately proposed. If it be found that, in town communities, good schools languish for want of support in a large proportion of cases, it is obviously premature to increase their number or seek to extend their efficiency. Whatever indirect influence can be used to increase the appreciation of their value among those whom it most concerns should of course be applied, but all such efforts are precarious and uncertain, and the only sure condition of success is to assist nature and await the slow process of growth. We are disposed to think that, at any rate in Southern England, a generation must elapse before the average shopkeeper will desire a higher education for his children in general than will enable them to make the cash-book check the contents of the till. Where, indeed, a shopkeeper thinks he has a clever son, he will, on that supposition, invest in him as in a promising speculation, and do all he can to push him on. But the exception, as usual, only proves the rule. He thinks the clever boy may, if allowed a superior education, raise himself above the level of the shop, and therefore he will forego his services there, and consent to the development of his mind. But the view that a shop-boy, as such, is entitled to mental cultivation, is one which has no practical force for him. He sees that the presence or absence of such cultivation does not perceptibly affect the chance of his son's acquiring a competency or making a fortune; and his tendency, from his own point of view, is to accept this standard as decisive of such questions. Thus it often happens that the chief difficulty which a zealous master in a town grammar-school experiences in raising the standard of his teaching is to be found in the apathy or the prejudice of the tradesmen. It is in most cases nearly impossible to make them recognise the principle that studies are pursued for the sake of the mind itself, and have their end and object in unfolding and strengthening its powers. They are often alarmed at the appearance of an Euclid, as though the figures were something cabalistic and uncanny.

For Latin they have a sort of grudging acquiescence, so long as the study is dwarfed within such narrow limits as to be valueless. What can be the use, as they put it, of knowledge which the learner is certain to drop and forget the moment that he is free from school restraints? Their assumption that it is necessarily dropped and forgotten when the youth has passed from school to active life, and that it is in fact his business and duty to drop it, exactly illustrates our position. Nothing, on the view which we are exposing, is due to the mind itself, irrespectively of its being enabled to find the body in comforts or in opulence. We will not say that tradesmen are opposed to science, scholarship, or refinement, although their conduct, and often their language, look as if they bore a grudge against them; but they undoubtedly regard them as beyond their sphere, and for this reason, mainly, that they are unrelated to the calculus of profits. Particular specialties may come in for an exceptional toleration precisely on the ground that they are related to the prosecution of some special trades. Thus a druggist might allow, or even wish, his son and probable successor to study chemistry; and a builder or designer might, on the same ground, permit an attention to geometry or to drawing. But, again, all such exceptions account for themselves on the same principle as the general rule, and therefore do not infringe, but really confirm it. Modern languages, as a further instance, may exercise an appreciable influence on the extension of commercial correspondence, and a grocer who aims at passing on his son from the paternal counter to perch on a clerk's stool at Liverpool is quite capable of so far extending his calculations as to recognise the value of such increased mercantile usefulness. He can see that the knowledge of French is power, and can lay his plans accordingly.

But a Royal Commission might also bring some interesting facts to light as regards the ancient scholastic foundations of three centuries ago. Their history is, in many cases, a very curious one. They are often found mere stumps with roots firmly fixed in the soil, but hampered by such restrictions as have made growth impossible, or chilled and starved by the uncongenial character of that soil itself. To some their "freedom" has been fatal; that is to say, the "free boys" have proved such objectionable schoolmates that other support has ebbed away and left them in sole possession of the institution. Their curriculum has been, perhaps inevitably, of the most limited kind, and successive masters have been content to slink through the perfunctory performance of their duties until the free-boys themselves deserted the school and left the vineyard of learning to gather weeds and thorns. In others, the subjects which might be learned "free" of charge formed, when untended by more modern accompaniments, a meagre and tasteless fare, and one unsuited to promote mental growth in any form which has been natural since the seventeenth century. The teacher who was under a statutable obligation to teach Latin, and perhaps Greek, *gratis*, has had in some cases the option of refusing altogether to instruct in English reading and spelling, or the power of making so high a charge for such instruction, or otherwise imposing such embarrassing conditions on its reception, as practically to debar parents from resorting to the school. Some schools have, we believe, dwindled away through having become involved in litigation. The resources of some have been dishonestly absorbed by the parochial or municipal authorities of their own neighbourhood, not perhaps in the way of direct peculation, but with the public-spirited view of lightening local burthens. Some have actually been nibbled and pecked by hungry speculators till their usefulness became hopelessly crippled. Some have died of the rough nursing of the Court of Chancery, or, if not defunct, have never recovered from the squeeze of its protecting grip. Yet a goodly number have retained their place and function, and flourish, or at least usefully exist, turning out yearly a good deal of improved mediocrity, and here and there nursing local genius to future fame. Some few have, we know, expanded into public schools of leading celebrity, and a good number more have, by lucky accident of situation, by the chances of time improving the value of their property, or, in rarer cases, by a provident economy and wise regulations, spread out proportionably to, or even in proportions transcending, the increased size and importance of the community in which they stand. In some cases the assistance of the Court of Chancery has been beneficent in the end, if not too exhausting to the constitution in the meanwhile. We are of course speaking of that Court in its unreformed state, before a single cobweb in its recesses had been disturbed, in which state alone institutions of the date now under consideration could have encountered it.

As regards this class of foundations, we think it will be found that their local freedom is their bane. There might perhaps be no objection to a series of ascending schools, with payments graduated from *nil* to 10*l.* a year, for inhabitants of a town; but it should be understood that those who accept the rate of *nil* should make out their inability to pay. A simply free day-school fosters, in proportion to its numbers and size, a democracy in education—the sphere, of all others, from which democracy should be carefully excluded. The "common schools" of the American States are, we will assume, suited to the genius and institutions of that remarkable country, but they are exactly in the same proportion unsuited to this. The only applicable rule here is to give a cheap education in great towns, but to make all partakers of its benefits who can afford to do so pay something towards its maintenance. The payment of *nil* should entitle only to admission into some such receptacle as the "ragged" schools now are—not indeed intended to encourage rags, but to show how education tends to make them whole. The totally free day-school is apt to become part of the political

machinery of a borough, especially where the governing body is local. Presentations of boys are apt to represent the votes of fathers. Individual governors have their hangers-on and followers, the sectional prejudices of the place are freely reflected in the constituency of parents, and any questions of discipline and internal regulations which may arise become speedily envenomed by these influences. From such educational pot-walloping may Parliament in its mercy deliver us! Besides all this, a parent who has a boy schooled *gratis* imagines that the charge of *nil* represents precisely the value of the education received; as it, in fact, does represent the trouble which he gives himself to second the discipline of the school and stimulate the industry of the pupil. If he makes a payment which he feels, he does his utmost to stimulate the youngster, and is disposed to make some degree of sacrifice in case domestic arrangement, or derangement, should chance to clash with school regulations.

A local managing body has something to be said for, as well as against, it. Publicity is, on the whole, too rapid and too ample now-a-days for flagrant jobbing to be apprehended; and wherever a local body consists of the magnates of their neighbourhood, they generally take a pride in justifying its confidence. The moneyed interests of the institution are, in such cases, safest in their hands. There is little likelihood of bad bargains in sale or building contracts being sleepily made by men who probably know the value of every rood of ground about them, and the personal merits of every contractor. If an individual contractor has a powerful friend at the board, there is a chance of his having also jealous eyes opened upon him there. But we do not recommend that the patrons of the school should be, as at Bristol, the Corporation of the city. Such a body is too obviously liable to be warped by the bias of faction, or at any rate to feel its administration restrained by its position; and thus, whenever popular prejudice runs high on any school question, those persons in whose resistance lies the *spes unica* perhaps of scholastic authority are the first to swing with the current. Neither do we think that, as at Manchester, the patronage should be vested in a remote Collegiate body, not one of whom probably cares personally a straw for the property or interests which he manages. Better, in our view, is some such arrangement as that which prevails at Leeds, where the trustees are the men of the biggest mark whom that manufacturing neighbourhood can produce, grouped around the vicar of the main parish of the town, but forming a corporate body simply *ad hoc*. But there should be—what Leeds, we believe, has not—some visitatorial power from without, to save a “dead lock” in the last resort.

The only justifiable form of free-school, save as we have above delineated it, is one purely aloof from local influences, like Christ's Hospital. Yet Christ's Hospital was at one time limited practically, if not in theory, to the benefit of parents within the City of London. It is now, we believe, as *ocumenic* as the British Empire. And the worst type of free-school appears exemplified in St. Olave's, Southwark, where the rigid limitation of a mere parish boundary has been stiffly maintained from the period of Elizabeth. Within that limit nobody can pay if he even wishes to do so, while from without it nobody can enter either for love or money. And it has resources sufficient, we believe, if duly subsidized by a moderate scale of payment from the pupils, to school the borough of Southwark entire, which indeed has sprung up around it during its three centuries of stagnation.

There is, on the whole, then, we think, a fine field of inquiry, and many crooked things to set straight, towards which a Royal Commission might be a first step. The studies to be encouraged, the payments to be required, the form of managing body to be preferred, and the method of dealing with the thorny and often barren old “stubs” of local independence, tenure, and custom, which bristle up thickly on the manor of the Muses, will all amplify the circuit of research. It will be a season for the airing of hobbies. We may expect to hear from Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Fortescue, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Whalley will seek to have Maynooth included within the scope of the inquiry, and Mr. Dillwyn will endeavour to find an opening where to edge in the finer end of his bill. But these preliminary flourishes of trumpets will be as nothing to the prolixity of the inquiry itself. Eight or nine first-class seminaries alone have evoked a trilogy of blue-books from the patient functionaries who pursued the inquiry into them. What shall be the compass of the investigation where all the more ancient towns of England, with a sprinkling of those in Wales and Ireland, are reticulated with its subjects? Putting the number of such schools roughly at from seven hundred to a thousand, and estimating their annual revenue at something between a quarter and half a million, we may well shrink from the view which such a Banquo's glass of facts and figures seems likely to open. Of course it will be all duly collected, sifted, and compiled, and will form pleasant holiday reading for the three or four thousand schoolmasters and assistants whom it may concern. We wish them, in every sense, well through it.

THE ALPS IN 1864.

A NEW number of the journal published by members of the Alpine Club has lately appeared, containing a list of achievements calculated to rouse somewhat mingled feelings. Perhaps a youthful member is sensible of a glow of pride on seeing the record of his victory over a hitherto unconquered peak, whilst his more experienced brother yields to a certain sadness at the

thought that no one will ever have the same pleasure again. Another fruit has been plucked from the tree, and those which remain are becoming ominously few and far between. The supply of coal in England will, it is said, last for two or three centuries; it will last, at any rate, till the present generation has no more need of coal. But the supply of Alps is unfortunately much more limited. If the present zeal of climbing does not cool—and it seems to burn more fiercely every year—a new mountain in Switzerland will become as rare as a dodo or a great auk. There are still bears, it is said, in the Engadine; there may possibly be a lynx or two somewhere or other; and the King of Italy fortunately preserves the remnants of the noble breed of bouquetins. Whilst these endure, romance can scarcely be said to have quite died out of the Alps; but it is a sad reflection that no King nor Club has arisen to preserve the mountains themselves. Before long the guide-books will be unable to say of any peak, or at best will only be able to say of one, that “this noble summit has never yet been trodden by the foot of man.” The glorious exception is the Matterhorn. When some Newton amongst climbers has solved that last and all but insoluble problem, the Alpine Club will probably adjourn permanently to the foot of Mount St. Elias or of Kinchinjunga. Fortunately, the only reason for supposing that this catastrophe will ever occur is the dogma, professed by the more zealous followers of the climbing creed, that it would be profane to charge Providence with having made a mountain without having also made a way up it.

We would not dwell upon a topic which must seem so sad to some of our readers, unless to suggest to them the necessity of facing in time the inexorably approaching problem—what is to be done next? Hitherto they have been trifling with and evading the subject. After the great mountains of the Mont Blanc, the Monte Rosa, and the Jungfrau order had fallen, and the feasibility of the highest ascents had been demonstrated, there still seemed to be an inexhaustible field. It had taken thousands of years to raise mankind from the “pfahlbauten” stage of civilization, in which he confined himself to the borders of the lakes, to the stage at which he could conceive and execute an ascent of Mont Blanc. It took some sixty or seventy more, during which only two or three prominent peaks were scaled, to generate the Alpine Club. Its members might flatter themselves that they had many years of happy and useful labour before them. But the result has outstripped calculation. The mountains have gone down like nine-pins. The Alps have been “played out.” Nothing is left but a few pickings in neglected places. The Club have retired into remoter regions, like the buffaloes of the West before civilization, or like their emblem—the chamois—before universal poaching. They are reduced to the condition of the fabulous sloth, who eats all the green leaves off a tree as he ascends, and at last finds himself on the topmost bough with all his remaining provisions before him. The record of this year shows to what straits they have been driven, and shows yet more forcibly the straits that lie before them. If we take the old-established districts of the Alps, those which have fallen into that last stage at which they are flooded by German tourists, we shall clearly perceive the melancholy truth. The Oberland, a district inferior to none in beauty and in the extent of ice and snow, is ruined for the mountaineer. Taking the district between the Grimsel and the Ghemmi, every point worth calling a mountain has been ascended. Every depression between any two mountains has been crossed. Henceforward, neither peak, pass, nor glacier remains to tempt a first explorer. Mr. Moore, according to the *Alpine Journal*, has given the finishing blow to this exhausted region by crossing the last remaining pass—that of the Wetterlücke.

At Zermatt, the centre of more converging routes than any other in the Alps, there still remained one or two untrodden paths. The wild range from the Matterhorn to the Weisshorn was long conceived to be inaccessible. Professor Tyndall, however, at last found out the weak side of the Weisshorn. Other points have yielded reluctantly and slowly. This year two new passes were found across it, completing, we believe, the list of all the conceivable passes round Zermatt. The traveller may now cross the bounding walls of the valley between any two of their crowning peaks. Of the three untrodden summits which still looked down upon it at the beginning of the year, one—the Rothorn—has fallen a victim to Messrs. Stephen and Grove. At Chamouni, for some reason, less had hitherto been done than in any other frequented district. Whether the guides of that valley are less adventurous than others, or its “needles” (as magnificent mountains are profanely called) less accessible than “horns,” or, as seems more probable, Mont Blanc too far eclipses the charms of its attendant summits, few travellers had attempted them. This year, the Mont Dolent, the beautiful Aiguille d'Argentière, and other peaks and passes have been humbled by Messrs. Reilly and Whymper. The valley still possesses one great attraction in the Aiguille Verte, which, in spite of its ridiculous name of “Green Needle,” has shown an obstinacy worthy of emulation by loftier peaks in resisting the assaults of adventurers.

Inferior districts have much the same tale to tell. In Dauphiné, the Écrins—a peak unknown a few years ago, but already holding a very creditable position—was ascended by Messrs. Moore, Whymper, and Walker, who conquered various neighbouring points. The Bernina district may almost be said to be rotten before it is ripe. It is still scarcely well-known, yet all its best peaks have been climbed. Some idea may be formed of the lamentable rate of devastation in this district from the statement that Messrs. Buxton and Tuckett ascended a new mountain and

crossed three new passes in one day. It may be mentioned, as a circumstance inexplicable on any glacier theory with which we are acquainted, that an alpenstock is reported to have been found on the summit of the hitherto unascended peak. Of other regions it is unnecessary to speak. If Charleston, Richmond, and Mobile should be taken, the question who held Key West or Rock City would be of little importance.

What the caterpillar has left is consumed by the cankerworm. In other words, the regions which have been opened up by the English Club are finally "exploited" by the Swiss. They settle down systematically, make careful maps, elaborate drawings, build huts, and, as it were, introduce an organized system of government over the conquered country. Before long, it will be possible to prepare statistical tables giving the geographical distribution, not only of every plant, but of every particular chamois in the Alps. These things being so, we ask again, what is to be done? Those who are ignorant of the true charms of mountaineering may thoughtlessly answer, Go up the old mountains for a second or even a third time. It is true that the ascent of Mont Blanc will always continue to confer exquisite pleasure upon a sensitive mind. But those who have known the keen satisfaction of making a first ascent will consider all others insipid. It is not that you have really a tangible sense of being the first comer; there is nothing to tell you that no one has preceded you; a mountain-top hitherto unclimbed and a mountain-top climbed already are remarkably alike—especially a mountain-top climbed already; but the uncertainty attending an attack upon a new peak gives that flavour of excitement which is necessary to the perfection of any amusement. You can go up Mont Blanc as certainly as you can walk down Regent Street, if your legs are good enough, and the weather fine. But in attempting a new peak there is necessarily a chance that some barrier of ice or snow may suddenly prove insurmountable. If you fail, a thoroughly satisfactory excuse can always be invented; if you succeed, you establish a kind of property in your mountain, and a right to declare that, for some reason or other, some part of the ascent is the worst of its kind in the Alps. When, therefore, this most ecstatic form of delight is for ever impossible to the mountaineer, it may be feared that the interest of the pursuit will be terribly diminished. Scientific inquirers may continue to peep and botanize upon the everlasting hills, but the climber pure and simple, the enthusiast who climbs for the sake of climbing, will have, as it were, the mere pudding left to him without the plums.

If we may venture upon a humble suggestion, founded upon our observations of Alpine nature, we should say that there are only two ways possible of restoring some of their pristine interest to the mountains—of giving to the very salt of the existence of members of the Alpine Club some of the flavour that it will soon have lost. They may make their excursions more difficult, or they may make them more dangerous. The combined charms of danger and difficulty may in some degree compensate for the loss of novelty. Nor, fortunately, will there be any trouble in securing both of these objects. If the Alps had been as near London as the Cumberland hills, we believe that there would be no need of pointing out the means. If undergraduates could reach them in a day, they would long ago have discovered, and practically illustrated, every variety of method by which necks may be broken and muscles overstrained. As it is, a certain halo of danger has surrounded the Alps. A mysterious intimation of unknown risks, not yet dispelled by over familiarity, lies about such names as crevasses, avalanches, and arêtes. The natives are generally prudent, and take care to moderate the zeal of adventurous tourists by precautions sometimes overstrained. Guides still occasionally venture even upon the stupendous fiction of imposing silence upon credulous travellers, lest the sound of their voices should bring down an avalanche. But, as the awe thus generated disappears, and the mountain-terrors take their place among the class of humbugs, the British tourist begins to take unwarrantable liberties with dangers which are not wholly imaginary. He generally testifies his disrespect in a characteristic way. He begins to do mountains against time—the simplest way of making an easy thing difficult. Gentlemen have this summer been ascending Mont Blanc in one day instead of two. They justify themselves by alleging the unspeakable miseries of a night amongst thickly-packed guides and porters in the hard rectangular wooden box called the Grands Mulets. They have also possibly initiated a fashion of literally racing over the grandest scenery in Europe. A. has done Mont Blanc in sixteen hours, the shortest time on record. B. boasts next year that he has beaten him by fifteen minutes. The obvious criticism that he might have enjoyed the views more if he hadn't gone quite so fast seems to us unsound. It is a matter of taste. If a man rejoices in the strength of his legs, and has put them through severe tests, it generally makes him good-tempered and happy. We would be the last to find fault with him. We prefer perhaps to make a solid meal off the scenery; he likes merely to take it by way of sauce to the enjoyment of hard exercise. He has had an exhilarating contest, and, at any rate, will hurt nobody but himself.

This method of improving the Alps is, however, of necessity open to very few. The pleasure of racing entirely depends upon your having a tolerable chance of winning a pretty good place. A man under the Banting system generally sees very clearly the extreme folly of walking too fast. But it is within anybody's power to make the Alps dangerous, and that to any extent which may be deemed desirable. The simplest plan is to go alone, and without guides, because no one can deny your right to risk your own life. Perhaps this is carrying matters a trifle too far. Such an ascent of Mont Blanc was made this summer. The experienced mountaineer

who made it knew that the snow would be hard in the morning, and that in the afternoon he would join a preceding party on the descent. The very probable consequences of following his example without precaution was seen in the melancholy accident which happened to a porter not long afterwards. The porter, being unroped, but close to the track, disappeared instantaneously in a crevasse so deep that his body could not be recovered. No one can have walked much on the high snows without seeing instances in which such accidents have been only avoided by the use of the rope. To encounter such dangers uselessly seems to be childish. To walk over a series of beautifully prepared pitfalls, any one of which may in a moment become your grave, is silly; it has scarcely the merit of being exciting, because the risk is very rarely fatal, and is so concealed as to speak rather to the reason than to the imagination. The same pleasure—that of simple danger—may be gained by smoking a cigar on a powder-barrel or travelling on an American railway, and, as it is so easily to be enjoyed elsewhere, no one should wantonly bring discredit upon the Alps. The danger of which we are in search should by all means be rather imaginary than real; it should harmonize delicately with the situation, and, without coarsely offending the nerves, be only just perceived, like the faint suspicion of garlic communicated by the highest culinary art. This pleasure is chiefly to be found upon those celebrated paths "where a single false step would launch the unwary traveller into eternity." Steep arêtes and precipitous walls of rock are perfectly safe when there is firm holding for hand or foot, appalling as they may look. We must next observe that the pleasure is greatly diminished when a known track leads through these apparent dangers. Conversely, it is raised to the highest point when you have lost your way amongst them. You are perfectly certain to find it again ultimately; for the time, you have an exhilarating sense of the importance of your own exertions to your own safety; and, when finally extricated, you glow with well-earned self-complacency. Hence it follows that, to enjoy this cream of mountaineering in its perfection, you should go with companions, but without guides; with guides you will never be lucky enough to lose your way, or, if you do, you will not have the pleasure of finding it for yourself. It is rather too much the fashion to trust exclusively to guides. Not that the best class of guides are not men whom it is a pleasure to trust. But it is rather destructive of good mountaineering. When a man is never thrown upon his own resources, he never properly learns the craft. When he is blindly following the steps of an experienced chamois-hunter, whose opinion he would no more venture to call in question than a curate would venture to contradict his bishop's view of the Thirty-nine Articles, he is apt to sink into a torpid state of mind. In all sports a professional has obvious advantages over the amateur, but the amateur ought to be capable at least of acting independently. The only adequate substitute for the pleasure of attacking a new mountain is the pleasure of attacking an old one without knowing the way. A mountain never can lose its freshness to a man who makes an independent start. It is, for him, to some extent a new exploit, to say nothing of the pleasure of learning the art of mountaineering thoroughly—an art which is too little studied by the climbing race. The only limitation to this theory is the obvious one of not carrying it to excess. It requires more caution, and so long as more caution is retained it will not be more really dangerous, though always more apparently dangerous, than the common fashion. One great merit of guides which no amateur can rival is their almost instinctive appreciation—the result of long experience—of the exact condition of ice and snow. The worst accidents that have happened in the Alps have resulted either from sheer carelessness about ropes or from venturing upon ice-slopes in an unfit state. In the last account of an abortive accident in the *Times*, this seems to have been the cause of the danger, and the only unintelligible part of the account was the reason why the party ever stopped short of the precipice. On such places, amateurs must compensate their want of experience by extra care, and by the simple rule of making every step safe before taking another. If they do so, we see no reason why an indefinite amount of pleasure should not be extracted from the Alps even when the name of a new mountain has ceased to have any significance.

A VERY SHAM FIGHT.

IF there had been any serious intention of bringing off the fight between Mace and Coburn, it would have been impossible to choose a better time than the depth of the dull season of the year, when the newspapers, except when the American mails arrive, are almost a blank. It is not surprising that a numerous body of reporters were tempted to cross the Irish Channel to see a bubble burst; for one could not feel quite sure beforehand that the fight would not come off, and, even if it did not, a good deal might be written which the public would be pretty sure to read about the disappointment. We must say, however, that to reasonable consideration the prospect of any but a wordy battle taking place in Ireland must have appeared very small; for it could not but be expected that the police would interfere, and, if they interfered at all, they certainly would not adopt half measures. It seems that the choice of Ireland as the battle-ground was made by Coburn, and we cannot help thinking that this choice rather indicates that the Irish-American does not properly belong to that class who love to describe themselves, in the columns

of the sporting papers, as "meaning business." At the same time, it is to be observed that a proposal of fighting on Coburn's side of the Atlantic was declined by Mace, and it would not have been altogether unreasonable if Coburn's friends had apprehended that he might not get fair play in England, although it is not at all probable that these apprehensions would have been justified.

The story of how this match was made, and how it did not come off, has been told by the sporting papers in their very best style. We propose to compile, for the benefit of those who are not habitual readers of those papers, a brief narrative of the rise, progress, and ultimate failure of the match. It appears that, by articles of agreement dated June 10, 1864, Mace agreed to fight with Coburn "a fair stand-up fight according to the rules of the Ring of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association." The connexion between pugilism and benevolence, however obvious to the properly instructed mind, may possibly need some elucidation for the general reader, and therefore we will give what is, we believe, the correct explanation—namely, that the above-named Association, which is similar in its objects to those which are maintained by other trades and professions, depends for support partly upon the proceeds of the sale of inner-ring tickets at prize-fights; and hence the managers of the Association have been invested with authority to appoint ring-keepers, and generally to superintend the ring and the proceedings which take place within and around it. This arrangement is not bad in theory, but a practical difficulty sometimes arises when a ring-keeper who has received a considerable sum for tickets prefers to keep that sum in his pocket, instead of handing it over to the treasurer of the P.B.A. The only remedy of the managers of the Association in such a case is by a process similar to that of excommunication by a Church of a disobedient member; and, unfortunately, the similarity may be traced, not only in the process, but in the equanimity with which it is apt to be received. In the present case, it was to be apprehended that, even if the ring-keepers were ready to do their duty, the natives of the country in which the fight was appointed to take place would scarcely be found amenable to the delegated authority of the P.B.A. We know very well that Irishmen have conscientious objections to the use of the fist, but if one of these ring-keepers had produced, as they sometimes do, a staff to enforce order, we certainly should expect that some of the company would respond to such a congenial demonstration. It could scarcely be said to be impossible that a genuine attempt to bring off this fight in Ireland would end in a general row and scrimmage; and if it was likely that the police would be called in finally, it would be just as well for them to interfere in the first place. However, to return to Mace and Coburn, it was provided by the articles between them that the fight should come off on Tuesday, October 4, above 20 and under 100 miles from Dublin, and that the referee should be chosen the day before fighting. The men went into training in due course, and both were reported to be doing well and to be full of confidence. Mace obliged the sporting world at Doncaster by walking over from his training quarters at Sheffield to the races; and certainly both his appearance and the report which his trainer gave of his pedestrian and other performances were well calculated to inspire his backers with the confidence which he professed himself. When he said, after receiving the final polish from his trainer, "I want to have a fight with Coburn because I am so well," it is likely that he was speaking almost the only word of truth that has been uttered in connexion with these proceedings. Opportunity was found at Doncaster for disposing of some of Mace's "colours," and he was so fortunate as to obtain payment for them before, instead of, as is usual, after, the victory which they were intended to commemorate. In case it should be suggested that Mace has thus obtained money without giving full value for it, we think it right to subjoin a full description of these "colours," and we would ask any reasonable person whether a guinea was not a moderate price for such a splendid specimen of the weaver's art, looking merely at the fabric and pattern, and without reference to the fact that the fight for which it was prepared has not, and perhaps never will, come off. The badge of Mace's party was—

A costly white twilled silk handkerchief with a narrow blue border, the centre consisting of St. George and the Dragon in white on a blue ground, surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves, and each corner embellished with the united emblems, the rose, shamrock, and thistle. Above the centre in blue letters appeared the words "International Contest for the Championship of the World, October 4, 1864," and below the centre-piece was Mace's monogram.

We appeal to any man of taste whether such a handkerchief as that was not honestly worth 1*l.* 1*s.*; and indeed we venture to assert that, if the bargain were open to objection, it would be that the buyer got too much for his money, since the designer had been almost too prodigal of decoration, and had perhaps made rather an inconsiderate use of emblems. The St. George and Dragon is naturally appropriate to Mace as Champion of England, polishing off, by the help of Heaven and by his own might, the Champion of America. But then is Coburn the Champion of America? He was undoubtedly born in Ireland, and therefore there is an *à priori* probability that he would be chosen to fight the battle of New York. But sometimes we are told that Coburn came over "on his own hook," and that it would be a mistake to view the contest as in any sense international. The designer of the handkerchief could scarcely intend to allow any pretensions of Coburn to represent Ireland, because he has appropriated to Mace the usual symbols of the three nations over which Queen Victoria rules. Perhaps if we had an opportunity of inspecting Coburn's "colours," we should

find that he has been putting in a competing claim to be considered Champion of Ireland as well as of the United States. It manifestly adds to the dignity of a prize-fight to call it "international"; and if you inquired what that word meant, you might perhaps be answered, "You pay your money, and you take your choice." The American championship of Coburn appeared, however, to be implied in the demonstration which was got up at his departure from New York, and also by the fact that his representative in England has been Mr. Edwin James, of the *New York Clipper*, who has been oddly confounded by some of the newspapers with a more widely celebrated personage of the same name.

The train which left Euston Square on the morning of Saturday, the 1st instant, was ominously unfurnished with fighting "mugs." We learn that such members of the P.R. as undertook the trip suffered as much as weaker and less famous men in crossing the Irish Channel. Even Mace himself, in the full perfection of his training, enjoyed no exemption from the ordinary sufferings of humanity. Sunday and Monday brought a considerable accession of leading pugilists, and also a detachment of those hangers-on of the Ring, with regard to whom it must have seemed mysterious how they got to Ireland, and still more mysterious how they would get back. If they never got back at all, the balance of profit and loss between the two countries on the transaction would not perhaps be against England. These worthies, it may be supposed, went over in hopes of a job of ring-keeping, and having with extreme difficulty scraped together enough money for their passage over, they must have been reduced to provide for their passage back by expedients into which it would be unkind to inquire too particularly. We can only hope that the warning given by the editor of *Bell's Life*, "that he has his eye upon them," will have the desired effect, but we must own that, in reference to the security of purses and watches, we should prefer the eye of a policeman. It very soon became evident that there was no probability of bringing the fight off, even if there had been any desire to do so, which is extremely doubtful. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Edwin James treats these Irish proceedings in the columns of the *New York Clipper*; and as American journalists have had great experience in the manipulation of similar materials, we should not be at all surprised to find Coburn transformed into a hero. But if he goes back leaving matters as they now stand, his fellow-townsmen of New York can hardly help feeling that they have been taken in; for they certainly got up an enthusiastic demonstration at his departure, under the belief that he was going across the ocean to fight Mace. His conduct bears rather a strong resemblance to that of the gentleman who appointed time and place for a hostile meeting, and earnestly entreated all his friends on no account to give warning to the police. Coburn sent Mr. Edwin James to the place appointed for the choice of a referee the day before that named for the fight, and he instructed him to name one Mr. Bowley, a hotel-keeper of Limerick, of whom nobody had ever heard before, and to agree to no one else. The representative of Mace on the other hand, proposed one well-known and unexceptionable person, and even offered to agree in choosing Mr. Edwin James himself. The conclusion drawn by Mace and his friends from the proceedings of their opponents was the very natural one that it was useless to remain any longer in Ireland, and accordingly they returned to England that night. Coburn proceeded next day to the appointed place, which was ninety-five miles from Dublin, and, presenting himself at the appointed time, threw his cap into a hastily-formed ring, and claimed the stakes. The police were at hand in considerable force, but did not interfere, probably because they knew that Coburn, however valiantly disposed, could not fight unless he had somebody to fight with him. But, at earlier stages of the proceedings, the police displayed great activity, and laid hands on several robust persons on suspicion that they were the intended combatants. But the people and the police of this happy land showed utter ignorance of what a trained pugilist ought to look like, and the general impression appeared to be that any big man seen in the street was likely to be Mace or Coburn, and the more likely in proportion to his bigness. Almost the only good that has resulted from this visit of English pugilists to Ireland has been to demonstrate, what certainly needed demonstrating—namely, the peaceable, law-abiding character of the Irish people. If we were to attempt to take an elevated view of the proceeding, we should say that it was a mission for propagating the doctrine of the superiority of the fist over the stick, and we should have to own that, like some other missions, it has been unsuccessful. There may have been some slight stimulus given to the business of sporting public-houses by the announcement that their proprietors had returned from Ireland brimful of whiskey and of anecdote. But, on the other hand, the expense of the journey must have been considerable—not to mention such disagreeable incidents as "breaking down bodily at the first mouthful of boiled mutton and caper sauce," and being reduced to a state of pitiable incapacity for drinking, smoking, and almost for swearing, during the passage of the Channel. It would be superfluous to expend compassion on the deluded backers who have found money for the combatants. It is stated that 800*l.* has been advanced to Mace to make good his battle-money and for expenses, and, as Coburn had to cross the ocean, even a larger sum must have been found for him. If those who advanced this money are satisfied with what they have got or are likely to get for it, nobody else has any reason to complain; but, with our limited knowledge of American institutions, we cannot understand what Coburn's motive

could have been for playing a part in such a farce. The net result of all that has taken place in reference to this so-called international contest appears to be that a considerable sum of money has been spent, and a great deal of trouble has been taken, to make the prize-ring contemptible. The enemies of pugilism can desire nothing more than that pugilists should pursue their present course.

REVIEWS.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.*

REPRINTS of books which, like Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, have become classical are always deserving of encouragement. The fashion of them may have passed away, yet they are links in the chain of literary history; and when, as in the present instance, such works are carefully planned and written, their particular merits as well as their general usefulness justify their occasional republication.

The *Lives of the Poets* are, upon the whole, the best of Johnson's prose writings. We doubt whether the *Rambler* or the *Idler* would now instruct or amuse any modern reader even in the solitude of an inn-parlour on the rainiest of days. Sir Roger de Coverley and the widow, Sir Andrew Freeport and Gipsy Moll, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, are always pleasant companions, whether the sky be clear or overcast. But Will Marvel, Mrs. Busy and Minim, Squire Bluster and Betty Brown, are "very tolerable and not to be endured." Whether grave or gay, Johnson's imaginary portraits are too uniform and ponderous in their structure and discourse for the patience of mortals as they now are. It is not so with his *Lives*. Upon them he expended, without effort, sterling sense and shrewd, if not brilliant, wit. To the composition of them he came armed with ample supplies of literary history, some of them drawn from printed sources, but more from the traditions of Grub-street or the anecdotes of clubs and coffee-houses. As regards their style, the *Lives* manifest, in comparison with Johnson's earlier writings, a decided improvement. When he was writing under pressure, such as payment for the day's dinner or the week's lodging, he wrote stiffly and often pompously. "The thread of his verbosity was sometimes finer than the staple of his argument." His weighty sense was encumbered by antithesis or diluted by repetition. From such defects the *Lives of the Poets* are comparatively free. They are most conspicuous in his *Life of Savage*, for that was written at a time when Johnson was anxious for the morrow; they are scarcely visible in his account of Dryden, Addison, or Pope, for these were composed after his well-earned and well-bestowed pension had relieved him from the terrors of hunger or debt. Of all his writings his biographies most nearly resemble his conversation, and his conversation surpassed his writings as much as these surpass the productions of the contemporary Kenricks, Campbells, and Hendersons, or the average contributions to *Cave's Magazine* or *Griffith's Review*. The talents and advantages of Johnson, as the biographer of English poets, were available for the period of the Restoration and the next century. With our earlier literature he was but slenderly acquainted, and he was perhaps incapable, from the texture and training of his understanding, of appraising, even had he been well versed in it. Wordsworth, in his Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, points out the grave defect of Johnson's *Lives* in commencing a history of English poets with Cowley instead of Chaucer. But, had they opened with the father of English song, we doubt whether they would have been as good as they now are. However the *Canterbury Tales* might have fared in his hands—and, remembering some of his censures on Shakespeare, we can hardly suppose that Chaucer would have been kindly or righteously dealt with by Johnson—we may be sure that Gower, Lydgate, Gascoigne, and Hawes would have been as distasteful to him as were Percy's *Reliques*. He had little respect for antiquity, and little knowledge of English philology. The reasons that led him to condemn Fairfax's translation of *Jerusalem Delivered* would probably have caused him to undervalue the Spenserian stanza, while to the intricate allegory of the *Faery Queen* he would have been as morose as he was to the mythology of Lycidas. The author of the tragedy of *Irene* would have proved a rough censor of Shakespeare's precursors and contemporaries; and the blame he not unjustly casts on the love-verses of Cowley and Waller would have been meted in tenfold measure on the poems of Habington, Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling. But for the series of poets commencing with Cowley and ending with Akenside—we exclude from the list Milton and Gray, as beyond Johnson's ken—he possessed all that was needed for a judicious and, when his religious or political prejudices did not warp his judgment, a fair valuation of them. Than Johnson there never was a better judge of verse in which reason is more potent than imagination; and to this class of poets—a secondary one, indeed—belongs nearly every one of the subjects of his *Lives*.

For the choice of the *Lives*, and the limits of his work, Johnson was not responsible. On Easter Eve, 1777, a deputation from forty of the London booksellers waited upon him to inform him that a new edition of the *English Poets*, from Cowley downwards, was in contemplation; and, before applying to him to prefix to their works a brief memoir of each writer, they had doubtless consulted their

ledgers, to see what order of poets was the most likely to bring sure and speedy returns. Johnson, who for more than thirty years had been a bookseller's hack, was not the man to debate the point with the Fathers of the Row in favour of earlier claimants for priority, to whom, moreover, he was indifferent. He took the offer as it was made, his single scruple being their coming to him at such a holy season on secular business; but he performed the task as no other man then living could have done. Perhaps, had he been free to choose a literary occupation, he could have found none more congenial to his taste than that which the deputation offered him. He had once projected a history of learning and literature, but, either from his constitutional indolence or want of encouragement, the scheme came to nothing. He might have succeeded in it, for he possessed an unusual force of dogged perseverance; he had "circumnavigated the globe of the English language"; and he compelled himself to edit Shakespeare after nine years of dallying and delay. But it is quite as probable that he would have failed in it, at least in the subsidiary portions. His pen was superior to Thomas Warton's, but he had neither Warton's love for black-letter literature nor Warton's sagacity in disinterring grains of gold from the dust and rubbish heaps of antiquity. For *Lives*, however, which involved little research, and for which the materials were for the most part already in his hands, Johnson was well prepared. His general interest in the *quidquid agunt homines* at all times and under any circumstances, and his especial interest in the vicissitudes of the scholar's life, arrayed him in the complete armour of a biographer of poets. With a mind full of the knowledge required, his original plan of "allotting to every poet an advertisement containing a few dates and a general character," rapidly expanded itself. A single, and not a stout, volume would have sufficed for such brief prefaces. Fortunately for his own fame and for English literature, ten small volumes were found necessary. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The first volume of the handy edition before us contains one of the worst and one of the best of the series. The best is the *Life of Dryden*; the worst, we need scarcely say, is that of Milton. Against the great Puritan poet every one of Johnson's antipathies was arrayed. Milton had opposed nearly all that Johnson loved, and defended nearly all that he hated. The biographer was a sound, indeed a superstitious Churchman, and a sturdy Jacobite; the poet had lifted his hand against the ark of the English covenant, and applauded the execution of the King. The political writings of the one are full of splendid visions and theories of civil and religious liberty; the political pamphlets of the other are tinctured with servility to the powers that be. Milton extolled, and Johnson abominated, the republics of Greece and Rome; and, in short, there was not a point in common between them except reverence for the Bible and hatred of Scotchmen. But Dryden came within the weights and measures of Johnson's critical balance. His power of reasoning in harmonious numbers was extraordinary, and of that power the biographer was a consummate judge. Indeed, he had some qualities in common with those of the author of the *Hind* and the *Panther* and *Abelard* and *Achitophel*. Dryden drew human characters in verse with a master's pencil, and Johnson sketched them in prose—provided always they were not fictitious, in which no man was ever happier—with kindred force and felicity. The conversion of the third and tenth satires of Juvenal into modern satires, or rather into moral essays, is a work in which Dryden, had he attempted it, would have succeeded. Of Johnson's success there can be no question. The *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* indeed, and the *Fables*, he could not have written. He had no lyrical vein, neither any gift of narrating in verse. But the satires of Dryden struck similar and responsive chords in Johnson's breast. As a sample of discriminating criticism and dignified expression, the *Life of Dryden* has not its superior in any language.

The *Lives of the Poets* took at once the position which they have ever since held. For sense, animation, and power of writing they have no modern superior. To find their equal, we must go back to the *Agricola* of Tacitus or the *Agésilas* of Xenophon, and Johnson has no cause to shrink from comparison with either. The best modern biographies, before the *Lives of the Poets* appeared, were written in Latin, and of them very few were good. Gassendi's *Life of Peirescius* is entitled to rank among the best, but its philosophical transcends its literary worth. Italy is rich in histories and biographies of poets and learned men, but though it may be profitable, it is seldom pleasant to read them. The *Éloges* of the French writers, brilliant sometimes as compositions, are as unsatisfactory in the main as academical exercises or funeral sermons. Fuller's examples of "Holy and Profane State" entertain us by their lively wit, and are replete with pathetic touches and deep moral truth; but their principal charm lies in their revelations of the author's idiosyncrasy. They are a species of parable—virtues and vices biographically illustrated, stories trimmed and shaped to suit ethical or theological texts.

Johnson, before he undertook the *Lives of the Poets*, had served his apprenticeship to biographical art. He had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Library Magazine*, the *Student*, and other periodicals of the time, the *Lives* of thirteen eminent persons; and of these, the accounts of Boerhaave, Sydenham, and Frederic of Prussia—a monarch after Johnson's, as well as Mr. Carlyle's, heart—deserve, for their style, to rank with the *Lives of the Poets*. Perhaps the success of the latter took the public, and

* The *Lives of the most Eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works*. By Samuel Johnson. Vol. I. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1864.

even the author's friends, by surprise. In an unlucky hour, he, in the year 1775, wrote a political pamphlet entitled *Taxation No Tyranny*, being an answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress. The title was absurd, but the pamphlet was even more absurd than its title. Even Boswell could find nothing in it to commend, and less partial critics might fairly imagine that years, and the effects of early penury and ever present disease, had enfeebled Johnson's powers. This unfortunate tract was one of five political essays, in all of which the author, if we except one or two vigorous passages, had the use only of his left hand. For political writing, indeed, he was as unfit as he was fit for literary and critical composition. In the latter, he is a Hercules rejoicing in his strength; in the former, he is a Hercules twirling a distaff. He knew little of party questions, and cared less for them. Johnson writing in defence of the Grafton or North Ministry was as much out of his element as William Cobbett would have been writing an epic poem.

But within four years after *Taxation No Tyranny* had raised suspicions of Johnson's decline, he had the opportunity of showing that they were groundless. Age had not staled, nor variety of suffering or labour withered, his intellectual powers. He arose, being then on the verge of his seventieth year, like a giant refreshed with wine, and produced his best work. We acknowledge the vigour of his Preface to Shakspeare, while we dissent from his critical canons; we admire the energy which enabled him to write the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, though we do not care to recur to their pages; we prefer his Letters from the Hebrides to his *Journey in the Western Islands*; but it is to his *Lives of the Poets*, and to the records of his conversation, that we turn when we wish to understand the character or to revive our impressions of Samuel Johnson.

Of this convenient edition it is sufficient to say that it is a comely and correct pocket volume, a reprint mainly of the third edition of the *Lives* which was published in 1783. The few notes upon the text relate principally to dates.

BATH, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

IT is always a comfort to find a guide-book, or a local book of any sort, undertaken by a real scholar. The reason why this so seldom happens is that no one can write a good local book except one who can do something much greater, and he who can do something much greater will seldom stoop to write a local book. Hence this sort of literature generally falls into the hands of utterly vulgar and ignorant people, or else of men who know just enough to run off into all sorts of strange vagaries. It is well that so remarkable a city as Bath has fallen into the hands of a really competent historian like Mr. Earle. The employment of a local historian is in itself in no way unworthy even of a scholar like the late Anglo-Saxon Professor. We only regret Mr. Earle's taking to it, if it has kept us still longer from the edition of the *Chronicle* which we have been looking for in vain for so many years, and which, since Mr. Thorpe's edition appeared in the meanwhile, we have specially wished to be able to compare with so formidable a rival.

Mr. Earle has gone through his work thoroughly well; a few oddnesses of expression, of which the title-page itself may perhaps pass as a specimen, are of no real consequence. A "Valedictory Interpellation to the Visitor" is probably a piece of "chaff" at a style of writing which we should *a priori* expect to find flourishing in such a city as Bath. But when Mr. Earle speaks of Henry of Huntingdon as "Mr. Archdeacon Henry," he must not be amazed if his readers identify him with "Henry and Scott." What most strikes us in the book is Mr. Earle's versatility. He seems equally at home with Ceawlin and with Beau Nash, and quotes Dr. Guest and Mr. Charles Dickens with equal familiarity. Indeed a man must have somewhat varied tastes to enter alike into the history of Roman Bath, ecclesiastical Bath, and fashionable Bath. Mr. Earle has done this so completely that a few eccentricities and a still fewer slips are easily forgotten.

Bath has a singular history. It has never been a capital of any kind, and yet it has at various times held a position quite different from that of an ordinary provincial town. York, Salisbury, and Exeter, were for a long time strictly local capitals; they were real centres of local life—places where, till all the world took to going to London, the local aristocracy had their town-houses. Bath was never this, though at one time it was something much more. When we say it never was a capital of any kind, we should except the days when, according to Mr. Earle, it was the head of a Welsh principality; but it never was the head of any recognised division of England. At least one King has been crowned there, but it never was the capital of a kingdom, nor has it, in later times, been the assize-town or election-town of a county. An attempt to make it supplant Wells as the ecclesiastical head of the Somersetshire diocese issued in little more than giving an empty title to the Bishop. Bath has never possessed either the full municipal independence or the commercial importance of its neighbour Bristol. Its connexion with great events in general English history is not very conspicuous. In short, Bath has hardly any of the elements of importance which belong to other cities. And yet Bath has an importance of its own. In the history of civilization and literature no English city claims more attention. It is a singular case of a town being neither a national

nor a local centre, and yet attracting the sort of society and playing the part in general English life which Bath did a generation or two back. It differed from London in the absence of Court, Parliament, and all that constitutes a national capital. It differed from merely local capitals in being a place of fashionable resort for people not only of this or that county, but of the whole kingdom. If it had any special local character, it was derived not so much from any influx from the neighbouring counties as from a remarkable influx of the Irish nobility, and more especially of the Irish Bishops. An Irish Bishop, at an earlier time, was commonly utilized by an English brother and set to discharge the smaller duties of the episcopal office in his name. In the days of the glory of Bath this practice had been left off. What then was to become of the Irish Prelacy? A Bishop of Kilmaedugh had certainly nothing to do at Bath; but then he had just as little to do at Kilmaedugh. He had no seat in the British Parliament, and his seat in the Irish Parliament he probably did not greatly value. To go to Bath, and to add to the number of Lordships in the polite society there, was just the thing for him.

Bath was, till lately, The Bath, like The Devises. In the *Spectator* the article is always prefixed. Yet the practice does not seem to be very old. Clarendon speaks of Bath, not The Bath, though a few pages before he speaks of The Devises. Most likely The Devises was a genuine old name which dropped out of use as people forgot what it meant; while The Bath put on its article when the place became fashionable, and its visitors were charmed at finding a city bearing a descriptive name which needed no interpreter. Bath is one of the countless towns bearing the name of *Aqua*—the English name, for once in a way, translating, and not corrupting, the Latin. Bath is thus cognate on the one hand with Aachen, Aix, and Dax, and on the other with all the Badens. Bath, however, by the leave of the Rector of Sprotburgh, had once another name, namely Acemannesceaster. King Eadgar, says the ballad, was crowned at the old borough Acemannesceaster, which "in other words men Baðan name." But, from the coming of Ceawlin onwards, Bath, in some form or other, was the ordinary name. It is curious to trace the mere description "æt pæm hatum baðum" and the like, growing gradually into the proper names Baðan, Baðon, Bathonia, Bath—the Latin form, as Mr. Earle observes, being formed from the intermediate stage. It is curious that, through the revival of the form The Bath, this process should have been twice gone through. Acemannesceaster, Aquamania, Urbs Acumanensis, are forms which are simply poetical or confined to the grandiloquent language of charters. Bath, in some of its shapes, is always the name on coins and the name used in plain narrative. But what is "Acemannesceaster?" The Rector of Swanswick and the Rector of Sprotburgh so far agree as to pronounce that Acemannesceaster has nothing whatever to do with aches and pains. An eponymous hero Aceman would be tempting, but he is not forthcoming, and it is impossible to resist Mr. Earle's happy hint that the first syllable in Acemannesceaster is simply the Latin *Aqua* :—

The previous name of *Sul* or *Solis* was finally dropped out of the name of *Aqua Solis*, and the simple *Aqua* remained alone. This in British pronunciation and orthography took the form *AKE*, with which was presently coupled the syllable *MAN*, which was the British word for place. *AKEMAN* was a British compound, embodying a Roman element, and it signified the place known by the name of *Aqua*.

Ace-mannes-ceaster, with an English ending piled upon a Welsh one, would thus be something like *Westminster Abbey*. That *Ace* is *aqua*, there can be no reasonable doubt; but we are not quite clear about *man*. It is, to say the least, not a common Welsh ending. And what, speaking quite off-hand, of the name Godmanchester, which sounds so temptingly like Acemannesceaster?

As for *Solis*, in the form *Aqua Solis*, Mr. Earle rules that a native deity, *Sul*, whose name is also preserved in that of the neighbouring height of *Solsbury*, has been confounded with the Latin *Sol*. Out of another puzzle, into which we are rather surprised to find Mr. Earle falling, we can easily help him :—

In Ptolemy's *Geography*, Bath occurs under the name of *Ἰδρα θερμὰ*, or *Hot Waters*; and is reckoned among the cities of the Belgæ. There is a name quoted from a much older Greek author, Polybius, which has been rather absurdly identified with Bath. The passage is this: *Βαδίζα πόλις τῆς Βερραρίας*. It was certainly very tempting to find in this *Badiza* the name of Bath, but it is too much encumbered with anachronism to be considered for a moment. According to this, Polybius, in the second century before our era, would have heard of the modern name of Bath, which was probably unformed till the eighth or ninth century, Anno Domini.

Why did not Mr. Earle turn to his Polybius? Polybius says nothing about *Beravria* at all. The words of the fragment (xiii. 10) preserved by Stephen of Byzantium are *Βαδίζα πόλις τῆς Βερραρίας*, that is, of Bruttium in Italy. This is not the only time that we have seen this confusion of Britain and Bruttium. Lappenberg, at the beginning of his history, tells us that Archimedes used British timber at the defences of Syracuse. This comes from Athenæus (v. 43, wrongly referred to by Mr. Thorpe as v. 10). The words here again are *ἐν ὁπῇ τῆς Βερραρίας*.

We heartily wish that a scholar like Mr. Earle would not give his sanction to the unscholarlike way of talking about "the Saxon period"; but we thank him all the same for his clear history of Bath from Ceawlin to John de Villulá (what was his real name?), that is from 577 to 1090. But one difficulty he has not cleared up. Bath, along with Gloucester and Cirencester, became West-Saxon under Ceawlin in 577. All three afterwards became Mercian, probably during the ascendancy of Penda. Bath was henceforward part of the country of the Hwiccas. But by

* A Guide to the Knowledge of Bath Ancient and Modern. By John Earle, M.A. London: Longman & Co. Bath: Hayward. 1864.

the time of the Conquest, it has become West-Saxon again; at least it was included in the county of Somerset. The monastery of Bath appears in the eighth century as a dependency on that of Worcester; but when John de Villula moved his see thither from Wells, we find no such opposition proceeding from Worcester as Remigius, in the like case at Lincoln, found proceeding from York. When and how came this change?

We begin the English history of Bath in 577, because Mr. Earle follows Dr. Guest in removing Mons Badonicus from Bath, not however to Sprotburgh, nor even into Berkshire, but simply to Badbury in Dorset. This is a light matter; any point in Wessex will do as against the Northumbrian pretender.

And now for ecclesiastical Bath, and John de Villula, the physician from Tours, of whom Sir Francis Palgrave has much to say as well as Mr. Earle. John was strictly a Lord Bishop of Bath. Being already Bishop of Wells, he bought the town of Bath and all that was in it—not much just then, as it had been burned two years before—of William Rufus in 1090. Being thus both temporal and spiritual lord, he removed his see thither from Wells, rebuilt the old abbey church, and made it the cathedral church of Somersetshire. The line of Bath Abbots of course ends here; the Bishop was for the future Abbot as well, and the head of the Monastery was only a Prior. Yet, oddly enough, the name of Abbey clings to the church, and it is still always so called, never Cathedral or Minster. So, at Carlisle also, the close—we believe not the church itself—is locally known as the Abbey, and the same name is sometimes applied to Durham. Bath, however, did not long keep its position; Wells reasserted its rights; Savaric, in Richard the First's time, preferred Glastonbury to either, and restored the temporal lordship of Bath to the King as the price of the annexation of Glastonbury to the see. Finally the Bishopric was constituted as that of Bath and Wells, with a double chapter—monks at Bath and canons at Wells. Wells, however, seems to have been preferred by most of the Bishops; the Cathedral or Abbey of Bath was neglected, and was rebuilt on its present small scale by the later Bishops and Priors, beginning with Oliver King. At the Dissolution the Monastery fell into the King's hands, the Chapter of Wells became the sole Chapter of the diocese, the Cathedral of Bath was offered to the city for 500 marks and refused, and then stood dismantled till it was restored by Bishop Montague in the next century. It is still called an Abbey, and still forms part of the Bishop's title, but it is simply a parish church in the gift of Simon's Trustees. Mr. Earle quotes from Fuller a curious reason why the citizens refused the purchase:—

The decay and almost ruin thereof followed when it felt in part the hammer which knocked down all abbeys. True it is the commissioners proffered to sell the church to the townsmen under 500 marks. But the townsmen, fearing if they bought it so cheap to be thought to cozen the king, so that the purchase might come under the compass of concealed lands, refused the proffer. Hereupon the glass, iron, bells, and lead, (which last amounted alone to 450 ton) provided for the finishing thereof, were sold, and sent over beyond the seas, if a ship-wreck (as some report) met them not on the way.

But, considering the value of money then, was 500 marks=333l. 6s. 8d. so very small a sum?

Mr. Earle's "Valedictory Interpellation" contains Mr. Scott's report on the church, which, between monuments and fittings, has suffered as much as any in England.

We have one or two small matters to point out. Mr. Earle says:—

The origin of the House of Commons is carried back to Simon de Montfort's parliament, in 1264. But boroughs were not represented till the 23rd year of Edward the First, and the earliest known representatives of Bath, Henry Bayton and Thomas Missetre, were deputed three years later, in 1297.

The continuous representation of the boroughs dates from 1295, but boroughs were represented, as Hallam has shown, not only in Simon's Parliament, but in several intermediate ones also. Also the origin of the House of Commons must be carried back earlier than Simon's Parliament, as county members existed already.

Again, Mr. Earle tells us that, by the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, "the Mayor and Council" were to be elected by the ratepayers. Had Bath any special clause to itself? Elsewhere the first act of the newly-elected Council is to elect the Mayor.

There is a great deal of very curious light reading in Mr. Earle's account of the fashionable days of Bath, which forms a striking contrast to the antiquarian inquiries with which his book begins. But we will wind up with his picture of Bath as it is. It is still a curious case of a city, the largest town in a county, which has an existence of its own quite apart from that county, and an existence supported by private residents, not by commerce or manufactures. As Mr. Earle says—

Bath is no longer the favourite resort of mere society-seekers; or of their concomitant pleasure-seekers, fortune-hunters, gamblers, and professional mendicants—it has passed from a condition of dependence on the support of strangers, to a state of dependence on itself. Those who once thronged to Bath have subdivided themselves into a variety of groups, and not an entire one of all these groups now frequents Bath. Of those who seek health some part come to Bath, and many parts are dispersed throughout the other Spas of Britain and the Continent; and of those who seek society, a part comes here, the staid part; while the more volatile and the more numerous parts fly to the other quarters of the civilized world. They who want soft air go to Torquay, Tenby, or Pau; they who want hard air go to Cromer, Malvern, or Nice. They who want to be in the midst of crowds go to Scarborough or to Brighton; they who want to be quiet go to Filey, Moffat, or Lynton. They who want to get fatter resort to Schwalbach; they who want to get thinner resort to Kissingen. They who enjoy clerical society go to Whitby; and they who prefer sporting company go to Cheltenham. They who want to play high, and to live in the constant expectation of making an amazing

fortune before they go to bed—these resort to Baden-Baden, or Homburg, or Monaco, or some other place where gambling is not esteemed a public nuisance, but is honoured as a pillar of the State. Thus the various ingredients of which the old "good company" was made up, having agglomerated themselves severally according to their affinities, have now made for themselves their several and appropriate places. Bath profited by them while she had them. She grew rich, she grew extensive, she built fine houses, she made good police regulations, she founded abiding institutions. These fundamental advantages gained, she is now worthy of a first-class society of her own; and no one who is jealous for the honour of Bath need regret that she has ceased to be a camp of tents, and has begun to be a city of habitations.

He might add that, as the city has now spread itself on the hills, it no longer answers the description of it given in the twelfth century by Richard of the Devises:—

Bathonia, in imis vallium in crasso nimis aere et vapore sulphureo posita, imo deposita, est ad portas inferi.

This passage Mr. Earle has forbore to quote, actuated no doubt by an amiable regard for the feelings of his neighbours. But strict respect for historic truth obliges us to supply the lack.

DANGERFIELD'S REST.*

DANGERFIELD'S REST is at once a sensation novel and a novel with a purpose. This is a compound not altogether peculiar to the literary soil of America; there are novel-writers and novel-wrights among ourselves, to say nothing of France, who find the ideal of fiction in the dispensation of philosophy with one hand and of piquant adventure with the other. It is not, indeed, a style of writing that one would willingly encourage. The two things—sensation and argumentation—do not go well together. Clytemnestra remarks that oil and vinegar do not mix well in the same vessel; and we fail to detect the wisdom or the advantage of mingling delightful complications of plot and thrilling turns of incident in the same novel with anti-slavery pleading and political disquisition. Not that we have the smallest objection to a moral in a tale, though we could always prefer that the author should leave the tale to point its own moral. What we do object to is that a story which depends for its main interest on the black plots and villainies of a clever and unscrupulous rascal should metamorphose itself every third or fourth chapter into something more like a paper at the Social Science Congress, or an exposition of American affairs by the *Morning Star*. The tale first claims our notice in the attractive garb of highly-coloured fiction; it presently dons a more solemn habit, and assumes the character of the preacher and the philosopher; a moment afterwards, and it has again run off in pursuit of its more popular calling. If the author of *Dangerfield's Rest* had been kind enough to favour us with a book on American social abuses, and the prospects of their increase or diminution or ultimate removal, we should have been ready to give the book a most attentive perusal. Or if it had been deemed advisable to lay open before us the career of a man like James Kirkwood (the evil genius of this narrative), with American society for the arena, and the *matériel* of his infamous doings, this, if not a particularly pleasing design, would have been at least a thoroughly intelligible one. But to suppose that the people who might take an interest in discussions on society and manners find those subjects unbearable unless they are relieved by ample episodes of plotting and love-making, is scarcely complimentary to the good sense and taste of the reading public. It is almost as if one were to make the biography of Palmer or the Mannings the foil for a series of essays treating of universal suffrage and the law of entail.

Having once taken the resolution to spice the tale highly, the author has not spared exertion in carrying out that design. *Dangerfield's Rest*, the principal scene of action, is the very place for dark designs and mysterious villainy. It is a fine old rambling mansion, crowning a height above the Hudson, and it has been held by a Dangerfield ever since the time of William and Mary. When we are first introduced to it, the Rest is inhabited by three persons—Martin Dangerfield, to whom it belongs; Stephen, his only son, a young man of thirty; and one Kirkwood, a self-invited agent of mischief, who wields some inscrutable influence over the feeble and failing owner. Within an easy ride of the Rest lies Uplands, another country seat, owned by a refined and dignified man named Vernon, with whose daughter, Grace, the younger Dangerfield has during a recent voyage fallen decidedly in love. The leading personages in the story are nearly all conveniently grouped together, in the first chapter, on board a mail-steamer. There is Mr. Vernon, with his beautiful daughter, Grace, and his equally beautiful ward, Elinor Grazebrook. The proclivities of the writer are amusingly illustrated in the portraiture of Oliver Vernon. We are introduced to the man's mind (as soon as he is safely landed at Uplands) through the medium of his library. Books of philosophy, we are told, were there, with works of history and of *belles lettres*, whereof the general drift might be seen by a discerning eye to incline "towards benevolence, and broad, genial humanity." The busts in the room were those of philanthropists, not of conquerors; "Howard was there, but not Napoleon." The very engravings on the walls partook of the general sentiment, which "breathed of generosity and toleration." Mr. Vernon, imagining on one occasion that his ward was ailing, prescribes characteristically "plenty of air, plenty of horse-exercise, and a course of Charles Kingsley's novels." Thoroughly muscular and genial we are persuaded that he must have been,

* *Dangerfield's Rest; or, Before the Storm. A Novel of American Life and Manners.* New York: Sheldon & Co. 1864.

and we feel no difficulty henceforward in prognosticating the views of the author in relation to any given social or political problem. Conspicuous among the passengers on board the *Assyria* are General and Mrs. Von Donk, with their daughters, Violetta and Zerlina, and their fashionable son, Gossamer. These are representative people. They represent the aristocracy of the dollar. They aspire to give the tone to Fifth Avenue society, but are painfully and ludicrously conscious that they have no tone to give. They are, in fact, rushing about the world in search of tone:—

Mrs. General Von Donk made her first appearance in the business world in the capacity of a laundress. She washed shirts for Corporal Von Donk of the Bowery Fencibles and a rising corner grocery. After all it was owing to her tact and management that he got on in life, so that it was not such a bad alliance for Von Donk as people first declared. Few remember those old times now. They are eclipsed by the glories of the house in Fifth Avenue, the beauties of Zerlina and Violetta, the vanities and extravagance of Mr. Gossamer Von Donk, and the honours, political and military, of the stalwart General. All the family needs now is an infusion of good blood, and *materfamilias* knows it as well as we. That indeed is the secret object of all her shuttlecock bounds and rebounds over land and sea. She wants an Englishman with a good name, or a Continental with a title. You will find her hunting for him one week at the Hotel Bedford, the next at Morley's. Last week shopping in Regent Street, this week on board the *Assyria*, she will pass a month or so in New York, Newport, and Saratoga, and be off for Europe again in October.

The fascinating Gossamer spends what time he can spare from endless and arduous changes of "pants" and "vests," in fanning the ardours of a glowing attachment to Grace Vernon. The declaration which, after long delays, he brings himself to make by letter, is too good to be omitted or curtailed:—

RESPECTED MRS.—I hope you will not think me presumptuous that I sit down and take my pen in hand on this occasion. My feelings during those happy hours I passed in your fascinating society aboard the *Assyria* (so soon alas to end), could not have been entirely unknown to you, and I hope your obdurate heart has not been too vain in counting them not altogether unreciprocated. My friend and adviser Elias P. Staggers (you remember Elias P., a high-toned and whole-souled gentleman in the Stock Brokerage and Commission line?) assures me that this is the proper method for making you acquainted with the present condition of my sentiments. It is true as you may have heard that there was a sort of engagement (in compliance with the wishes of my mother) with Miss Joanna, first and only daughter of our distinguished fellow-citizen Hon. J. Heydensucker; but I am happy to assure you that owing to the disinterested exertions of Elias P., this is broken off and the hated nuptials will never come off. I am therefore free, Dear Miss to offer my hand where my heart has long been donated, and my family approve the happy deed. Elias P.'s conduct in the role of mediator meets the applause of all. The arrangement conflicted at first with the ideas of Gen. Von Donk (who expects to shortly represent our district in the Halls of State), but he is now utterly agreeable. I need say nothing of my family or means as both are well known to you. Pa thinks I ought to be in some business prior to the blissful event, and as there is a retirement of a junior partner in the house of Brine, Cutts & Co. (in the pork packing line) he proposes to buy me an interest. Their Mr. Cutts and he have had an understanding to that effect, which need not operate should you oppose. We shall have a new brown stone on De Witt Clinton Square close to the park and stocked with entire new furniture. All shall smile propitious, your every wish shall be my law. I have the nicest span on the island. They beat Spinner's hollow. They are named Flagree and Amethyst, and can show 2.36 to a light road wagon. On hearing from you, I will immediately arrange with Emmanuel Isaacs Esq. (the gentlemanly lessee of the Opera here) for a box quite as large and stylish as the De Buggins'. Hoping soon to receive the favoring reply which may calm and delight my anxious heart, I am yours respectfully,

Gossamer Von Donk.

There is every indication in *Dangerfield's Rest* that the author intends his sketches to be taken *bond fide*, and that, where caricature is employed, it is not meant to be very wide of the reality. Under these circumstances, this letter of declaration constitutes an exceedingly singular specimen of Young American manners. The high-toned and whole-souled Elias P. makes an almost equally interesting study. His stock question about every new acquaintance is—"How much do you suppose he is wuth?" He dresses "plain, but rich"; and makes over money to his wife as fast as he gets it, the startling vicissitudes of Wall Street having taught him the advantage of keeping the bulk of his property "out of his own hands." He has a good deal of real shrewdness, and has thoroughly mastered the difference between an English gentleman and a Yankee *parvenu*, which he rather roughly explains to his young friend Gossamer. On board the *Assyria* is a young Englishman named Eliot, who does useful service from time to time as interlocutor in discussions on the comparative merits of things American and things English. "I wonder how much he's wuth," speculates Elias P.:—

Gossamer was ignorant as to Mr. Eliot's estate, but suggested that he didn't appear to have many clothes.

"Oh! you can't tell nuthin by that," said Staggers authoritatively; "these Englishmen, if they are *real* swells, everybody knows it, and they don't have to keep dressin' and undressin' themselves to show what they are. It's different with our folks. We hain't got no standards, so we have to kinder show off more. Now, nobody would know that you was anything, unless you dressed showy and expensive."

Sprigg, the correspondent of the *New York Crier*, and Slymer, his hanger-on, who is perpetually securing free passages across the Atlantic as "Bearer of Despatches," are two more amusing and, on the whole, cleverly drawn sketches of Yankee character. At a large party given by General Von Donk, before "running for Congress," Mr. Sprigg elucidates the principles on which the *Crier* is conducted. They are, he says, sound business principles. "We aim to please the greatest number who buy the paper, as the General here aims to please the greatest number who vote for Congressman." The Press being the servant of the people, its agents write to please the people; "suppose we wrote to suit

such as are called the cultivated and polished, how many copies of the paper d'ye think we'd sell?" Mr. Slymer responds by stating his conviction that no such absurd contingency is likely to occur in the history of the *Crier*. Elias P. strikes in with the remark that no Press so truly expounds the principles of "our glorious Constitution," or goes so straight towards promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and concludes with a remarkably smart panegyric on Universal Suffrage:—

"Thus," continued Elias P., oratorically waving a turkey bone; "thus, we see the surpassin' merits of our Universal Suffrage. The poor, the ignorant, and the oppressed from all quarters of the globe kin come here and vote to-morrow without troublin' themselves about all their hair-splittin' distinctions which despots invents to blind and oppress 'em to home. They kin vote for the Constitution and the law, and they kin tax property to keep their own representatives well paid for guardin' their interests in the country."

"And to kape down the nagar," supplied McSwindle.

"And to keep the nigger in the place which natur and his gifts obviously intended him for," amended Elias P.

Had the author been wise enough to abstain from attempting the elaboration of a subtle plot, and to confine his exertions more exclusively to sketches of this and similar kinds, *Dangerfield's Rest* would have been a much more amusing, not to say a more instructive, book than it now is. The attention is distracted and wearied by following the machinations of the scoundrel Kirkwood, who does, or has done, a bad turn to nearly every one in the book. He seduced the mother of Elinor Grazebrook, the ward of Oliver Vernon, and drives the daughter on to the stage, against the wishes of her guardian, by claiming and obtaining the little competence which had reconciled her to a comparatively dependent position. The deadly secret, the knowledge of which he brandishes over the head of the unlucky Martin Dangerfield, and by means of which he for a time places an insurmountable barrier between Grace and Stephen, would have been totally inadequate to the purpose even had the supposed fatal event really occurred, which turns out by-and-by never to have been the case. Old Dangerfield believes that, many years before, he murdered in a passionate affray a scapegrace elder brother of Vernon's, with whom, as well as with Kirkwood, he had had heavy gaming transactions. Kirkwood was the only witness of the encounter, and, while professing to convey away and secrete the body, had discovered that the wound was not mortal. This knowledge he had religiously kept to himself, and had practised on the fear and credulity of the supposed assassin, finding means to keep the wounded man quiet and out of the way until he at length retires into voluntary obscurity, and only turns up years afterwards as an actor in the same troupe with Elinor Grazebrook. Before the discovery of his freedom from the crime of murder, old Dangerfield has been driven to the brink of ruin by his tormentor, only stopping short of signing a deed of mortgage of his whole estate in aid of that gentleman's pecuniary needs. And we are asked to believe that a sensible man like Oliver Vernon, after receiving Stephen for many months as his daughter's accepted suitor, at length reluctantly, but unflinchingly, turns him from his door, because, forsooth, Kirkwood has called on him, and submitted forged proofs that the innocent youth's father had, many years before in a fit of passion, taken the life of his betrothed's uncle. Upon the re-appearance in New York of the supposed dead man, Kirkwood hurries back to the Rest, there to secure certain secreted valuables, after having already negotiated a forged mortgage in default of the genuine one, which he had never been able to persuade his victim to sign. Stephen pursues him, and a deadly encounter takes place on a dangerous promontory overhanging the Hudson. Shaken by the violence of their struggle, the promontory gives way, and Kirkwood is hurled into the river, and buried beneath the falling mass. Stephen, though badly wounded, quickly recovers, and all parties are made happy, with the single exception of Elias P., who, having been the negotiator of the forged mortgage, passes under a cloud, and is for a time unseen in Wall Street. Elinor Grazebrook, after twice rejecting an extremely eligible slave-owner, accepts him at last on his issuing emancipation papers to all his people.

If the author of *Dangerfield's Rest* again tries his hand at a novel of life and manners, we advise him to let his plot alone, and to trust more to his powers of sketching individual character. The author of *Wheat and Tares* has shown how much may be done towards making a book amusing almost without any plot at all. And the field of American society is wide enough to furnish forth several tales like the present, without recourse being had to a stale stock character such as that of Kirkwood. The author deserves the highest credit for his clear understanding and explanation of the social evils that result from the worship of mediocrity. Denunciation of this weakness may be almost said to supply the text to the whole book. The existing faults of universal suffrage are unsparingly laid open, but the writer is sanguine enough to look forward to a day when universal education shall have converted it into a sound and salutary institution.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

AS we gave some account of these Lectures when they were delivered at the Royal Institution, we need not attempt now to analyse the contents of a book which must win for the author the gratitude of every scholar. This obligation will be

* *Lectures on the Science of Language.* By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Correspondant de l'Institut de France. Second Series. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

acknowledged by many who may seriously differ from him on important points, while the objections which we may bring may probably amount to little more than the assertion that Professor Max Müller's system is not yet invulnerable or complete. But if the present volume fails to furnish a full answer to some difficult questions, it shows convincingly that the science of language is not one which can be taken up carelessly and lightly set aside, but that it has secrets to reveal which may affect the world in ways of which it little dreams. There is nothing very exciting in the examination of the organs of articulation, or of Grimm's law, or perhaps of Vedic or Hindu mythology; yet the subject runs directly into topics which are rousing fierce controversies in England and elsewhere. Nor has Professor Müller attempted to conceal this. With an openness which, at a time of unusual excitement and suspicion, does him infinite credit, he has expressed the hope that the science of language may arbitrate effectually between angry combatants, and convince them that on many points which they invest with a terrible importance they are fighting merely with a shadow, and that their war is simply one of words. He avows that the interest of his subject would be in great part, if not wholly, taken away if it is not to be considered as furnishing materials for the history of the human mind, and as supplying a clue through the tangled mazes of human thought. Some of its conclusions may be as doubtful as others are certain, but even from those which are best established there follow consequences of which few persons at present fully realize the force. There is not much to startle us in the assertion that "all the material elements of language are expressive of sensuous impressions, and of sensuous impressions only." Put thus, it only reproduces the conclusion of Locke, that "words expressive of immaterial conceptions are derived by metaphor from words expressive of sensible ideas"; but when from this the inference is drawn that there was a time when men had no ideas which were not sensible, and no impressions which were not sensuous, the statement obviously affects a great part of English popular theology and philosophy. As, however, the science of language professes to deal with nothing but facts, and demands the acceptance of no propositions except on adequate evidence, such statements must be faced; and it will do Mr. Mansel no harm if he is driven to examine whether, after all, it is not the Finite rather than the Infinite which eludes the grasp of human thought.

But if it be allowed that the science has succeeded in tracing back all words which now express immaterial ideas to roots applied originally only to sensible objects, it has scarcely advanced a step towards solving the problem with which Bopp declined to deal. We may analyse such a word as *historically* (p. 296) until we arrive at a root *vid*, which means *to see*, or to a preposition *vi*, which may mean *asunder*: but beyond this root *vid*, or *vi*, we cannot advance. Yet, on this point, Professor Müller's favourite phrase, that they are phonetic types, may lead some to think that it expresses a knowledge which we do not really possess. All predicative roots may be the expression of general ideas, and this faculty of framing general conceptions may be that distinctive characteristic of man which makes him a speaking animal; but if we may lay down the formula, "No thought, no speech," we are scarcely justified, in our present state of knowledge, in asserting the converse. Professor Müller seemingly refines too much when he says (p. 72) that without words the simplest idea cannot be realized. This is true, if it be meant that without the word the idea would be incommunicable; but it is scarcely true to say that "our conceptions, which are now always clothed in the garment of language, could never have existed in a naked state." Is not this one of those questions which lack of knowledge makes it impossible for us to answer? If language be, as Professor Max Müller asserts, the expression of general ideas, then, at least in the order of thought, and if so probably in the order of fact, the idea precedes the word.

On the original unity or diversity of language, Professor Max Müller in the present series says little. He has, perhaps wisely, passed over in comparative silence a question for which the evidence at our command is too slight to warrant any induction. But on the changes, or rather on the growth of varieties, in language, he has laid down a formula which apparently somewhat contradicts statements in his former volume, and to which he scarcely adheres with perfect consistency in the present. In his anxiety to prove, what few now will be hardy enough to deny—namely, that these changes are never accidental, but may in every case be referred to a phonetic law—he asserts broadly that "no letter ever becomes" (p. 181); in other words, that we cannot talk of the interchange of letters in the passage of a word from one dialect into another. No Latin or Greek, he says, "ever took the Sanskrit word and modified it, but all these received it from a common source, in which its articulation was as yet so vague as to lend itself to these various interpretations." Here, again, we seem to have a proposition which our available evidence scarcely establishes. If it can be proved that the earliest Aryan speech had no aspirates whatever, and that their use arose from muscular degeneracy—in other words, from laziness in producing particular sounds—this fact will explain the growth of a large number of dialectal variations; but in words which one dialect or language at a late stage in its history deliberately imports from another, letters are undoubtedly changed or modified according to the phonetic rules of the importing dialect. Practically, therefore, in such cases a letter may become; and, though this proposition may easily be so stated as to become altogether untrue, we doubt whether much is gained by asking "how a Greek consonant can become a

Gothic consonant, or a Greek word become a Gothic word" (p. 201). "Even an Italian word," he urges by way of illustration, "never becomes a Spanish word. An Italian *t*, as in *amato*, never becomes a Spanish *d*, as in *amado*. They both come from a common source, the Latin." Keeping strictly to this illustration, we should have to admit that the Latin *t* became a Spanish *d*, even though this has not been the fate of the Italian *t*. But if, as Professor Müller insisted in his former series, the Romance languages are to be traced back, not to the literary Latin, but to the popular dialects of ancient Italy, some participial form may possibly be found which may in this instance save the generalization. Yet, after all, the varieties which children introduce in articulation must not be forgotten. There is not one of them which does not follow a strict phonetic law—not one which fails to illustrate dialectal changes that have puzzled the scholars of former ages. In the language of a child, one English letter may undoubtedly become another; the sibilant may become an aspirate, the soft check be converted into a hard check, and *vice versa*. If, in the case of dialects, the varieties may all be referred possibly to a common source, still the fact that certain letters are interchangeable or equivalents remains the same. And when he is generally illustrating his position, Professor Müller unconsciously admits this. In tracing the stages which identify the French *larme* and the English *tear*, he shows that the Greek *δαρμ* and the Latin *lacru* differ only by their initials. "Here a phonetic law must remove the last difference. *D*, if pronounced without a will, is apt to lapse into *l*. *Dakry* therefore would become *lacru* (p. 260)."

We have heard a good deal of late about the solar character of Greek and other mythology; and some efforts have been made to trace the parallelism which runs through the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey, in order to show that the great heroes of each poem are simply reproductions of one and the same idea. It is obviously a mere question of evidence; but although it is manifestly absurd to ignore the evidence brought in support of this position—and although the historical basis for the incidents, as contrasted with the manners, depicted in these epics, is becoming daily more faint and shadowy—yet many listen with a smile when they are told that Achilles, and Kephelos, Odysseus, Theseus, Bellerophon, Perseus, with a host of others, are all solar heroes. The conclusion may be tiresome and provoking; but if the analysis of language resolves these names into solar epithets, or carries back the legend to a stage in which its solar character is no longer a matter of doubt, there is manifestly nothing to do but to accept the facts as they are. It is at least clear that Professor Max Müller sees no way of avoiding this conclusion. He had long ago asked himself the question whether everybody and everything was the Sun or the Dawn, before it was put to him by others:—

Whether [he now says] by the remarks on the prominent position occupied by the Dawn in the involuntary philosophy of the ancient world, I have succeeded in partially removing that objection [of the monotonous character of such legends], I cannot tell, but I am bound to say that my own researches lead me again and again to the Dawn and the Sun as the chief burden of the myths of the Aryan race (p. 501).

They have led him, we think, as in the case of interchangeable letters, into generalizations which appear somewhat too sweeping. Among the most important creations of Greek mythology is Hermes. Of this being, Dr. Mommsen, in his History of Rome, had said, that "the divine greyhound, Saramâ, becomes, in the hands of the Greeks, the son of Saramâ, Sarameyas, or Hermeias." To this Professor Max Müller replies unhesitatingly, that Saramâ never becomes her own son, and he asserts that Dr. Kühn is wrong in thinking that in the Vedic mythology Saramâ means the Storm, rather than the Twilight or early Dawn. In itself the question is of no very great consequence, but it becomes important when it is seen directly to affect the principles by which comparative mythologists are to be guided. We cannot amuse ourselves, after the manner of Mr. F. A. Paley, with the notion that Hermes was once a great man who distinguished himself in raids for cattle, and, having taught his people how to light a fire or play on the bagpipe, was for these services worshipped as a god after he was dead. But we may fairly ask whether an idea which fails to produce fruit in one mythological system may not assume large proportions in another—why the notion of twilight, or dawn with its fresh breeze, in the one, may not in the other be replaced by the simple idea, not of storm, but of wind generally, or air in motion. The Greek Hermeias has clearly not the attributes of the Vedic Saramâ; but there would be nothing perplexing if this transmutation had taken place even within the range of Vedic fable, if we may accept those principles which Professor Max Müller laid down long ago. It is one of the axioms of his essay on Comparative Mythology that the so-called Vedic gods are to a great extent interchangeable. "There are as yet no genealogies, no settled marriages between gods and goddesses. The father is sometimes the son, the brother is the husband, and she who in one hymn is the mother is in another the wife." Why, then, should not Saramâ become her own son? At the same time it must be admitted that Professor Müller has brought abundant evidence to prove that the Vedic Saramâ represents, not the storm, but the early dawn. It was a later thought which invested her with the form of a dog; and it is high time, he adds, "that this much talked of greyhound should be driven out of the Vedic Pantheon." Still Hermes remains with him "the god of the twilight," and he strives hard to bring his Greek attributes into harmony with this idea:—

Even in the Hermes of Homer and the poets, we can frequently discover the original traits of a Sarameya, if we take that word in the sense of twilight,

and look on Hermes as a male representative of the light of the morning. He loves Hera, the dew, and Aglauros, her sister; among his sons is Kephalos, the head of the day. He is the herald of the gods; so was Saramâ, the messenger of Indra. He is the spy of the night, he sends sleep and dreams; the bird of the morning, the cock, stands by his side. Lastly, he is the guide of travellers, and particularly of the souls who travel on their last journey; he is the Psychopompos (p. 476).

Yet this explanation, though it may be a true account of the earliest notion even of the Greek Hermeias, fails to bring before us the character of Hermes as conceived by the so-called Homeric hymnographer. If the analysis which Mr. Cox has given of the hymn in his *Tales of Thebes and Argos* may be accepted as correct, there is scarcely a single attribute of Hermes which can be explained by a reference to twilight, while there is not one which is not fully explained by referring it to the idea of air in motion, i.e. of wind. Is it a true description of the dawn to say that it pries unseen into holes and crannies, that it sweeps round dark corners, and plunges into glens and caves; and that when the folk come out to see the mischief that it has done, they hear its mocking laughter as it hastens on its way? It seems clear, indeed, that the poet has utterly lost sight of the idea of dawn when he ascribes to Hermes the gift of fire from the attrition of the branches of forest trees, and still more when he speaks of the importunate hunger which he cannot satisfy while the fire consumes the feast which he had prepared for himself. Throughout the poem, there is the one idea of sound, from the low music of the summer breeze which falls softly as an infant's tread to the angry roar of the tempest; and this idea, while it explains the whole poem, brings us back, no less than the notion of twilight, to the original root of the Sanskrit Saramâ.

If mythology be the necessary outgrowth from words of which the true sense has been forgotten or is only half remembered, it seems clear that we must look for some confusion of mythical ideas, and that the mythology of different tribes and races may reproduce images originally the same under such combinations as to make them appear antagonistic. The method employed in unravelling this complicated web must be so far elastic as to allow for the force and the presence of the same idea on both sides, when there is reason to conclude that the myths of two races have, to whatever extent, been fused together. In this respect, Professor Max Müller's method appears less elastic than it was some time ago. In his judgment, "the siege of Troy is but a repetition of the daily siege of the East by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasures by the West"; and Paris, or Pani, is the dark power or the thief who steals away Helen or Saramâ, the light. On this ground he thinks Mr. Cox in error for holding

that Paris belongs to the class of bright solar heroes. If the germ of the Iliad is the battle between the solar and nocturnal powers, Paris surely belongs to the latter, and he whose destiny it is to kill Achilles in the western gates,

ἡματι τῷ ὅτι εἰν σε Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ισθλὸν ἰόντ' ὀλίσιον ἐνὶ Σκαίῳ πύλῃσι,

could hardly have been himself of solar or vernal lineage (p. 472).

Yet why not, if the poets, of the same or of different tribes or races, ascribed to some or all of their greatest heroes the attributes which belonged originally to the sun? But, as in the case of Hermes, it is a mere question of evidence. The very lines which Professor Müller quotes would suffice to convert Phoebus Apollo, not less than Paris, into one of the powers of darkness. But, if this be the only idea embodied in Paris, how are we to explain the greater part of the language of the Iliad about him? In his introduction to the "Gods and Heroes" (p. 70), Mr. Cox has mentioned the solar characteristics of Paris. If Paris is capricious and sullen, so also are Achilles and Meleagros; but no dark power could be indicated by the dream of his mother before his birth, or by the marriage of Alexandros with the daughter of the stream Kebrén, while his desertion of Eneoné for Helen is the counterpart of the desertion of Brenhyldr for Gudrun by Sigurdr in the Lay of the Nibelungs. So, in the same spirit which brought Iolè to Heracles on his funeral pile, and Briseis to Achilles at the end of his long wrath, Eneoné comes back to Paris just when his eyes are closing in death. That the solar attributes are here, there can be little doubt; but it is quite possible that this original ideal may reappear under several characters in one and the same poem, especially when the poem is made up of a number of legends or myths, not all of which are altogether harmonious. But even if it should be thus, Professor Max Müller's position stands practically unimpaired. An indefinite number of mythical ideas point in one and the same direction. We have but to follow the clue in each case, and this clue will guide us to some strange discoveries, not only with regard to old Greek or Vedic tales, but in a mythology which hampers us at every turn and exercises a miserable despotism over modern thought, while it keeps up a bitter conflict over questions many of which are purely verbal.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.*

THE last production from the pen of Mrs. Henry Wood fully maintains the level of literary merit which she has attained in her previous works of fiction. There is the same easy flow of incidents and events, the same dexterous solution of the plot, the

same clearness and individuality in the delineation of characters, the same natural and lifelike current of dialogue. There is more than ever of that smoothness and finish of style—bating a few harsh and clumsy turns of expression—which bespeaks the hand of a practised writer. More than this it would be difficult to say, nor shall we perhaps be expected to say more. The writer is not one to set up for herself any lofty or transcendental standard of composition. She has no special theory or crotchet to uphold and illustrate—no ulterior object, ethical, social, or theological, to subserve. If any particular moral can be detected, or is intended to underlie the present composition, it is of the most trite and commonplace description. The work manifestly aims at no higher or more recondite object than that of helping readers to while away a few dull hours. And few who are content to take up books for the sake of mere passing amusement will grumble at the quality of the article here held out to them. For the seaside or the country-house no more suitable novel has come forth during the present season. With sufficient complexity of plot to keep up the desirable degree of uncertainty and suspense, with characters freshly conceived and contrasted with clearness and force, with a spice of horrors enough to go down with ordinary lovers of sensation, eked out with touches of the supernatural not too harsh to grate upon the taste of the cynical or the sceptic, *Lord Oakburn's Daughters* will probably be pronounced—by at least the class of readers we have had in view, and for whose benefit it has been written—a highly clever and entertaining work. It would not be fair to pull the design pitilessly to pieces, to dissect the characters minutely, to point out where the story halts in probability, or where the unity of action is arbitrarily broken through. Suffice it that there is nothing so grossly impossible as occurs in many of our most popular fictions, and that the contradictions to human nature, or the inconsistencies in motive, are not such as to interfere with the entire working of the piece. It professes to be no more than the "history of a sad tragedy," such as, in its general features, might have occurred in any of our small country towns, and not more wildly strange than many that meet the eye in the criminal columns of our newspapers.

The interest in such cases being naturally in proportion to the apparent reality of the incidents, it is of course a test of the writer's art how far that air of reality has been imparted to the fictitious narrative. And it is by this criterion that a high place must be assigned to the work before us. It would be difficult to distinguish between it and a real history. The personages move, act, and more particularly speak, just as real persons may be conceived to do under the circumstances. If, with the exception perhaps of the special crime on which the story turns, they do little more novel or out of the way than the bulk of people in every day life, that is but to say that they are true to the type of character and incident on which they are constructed. If they have not much of a profound or original kind to say, the fact is that there is not much startling depth or originality to be looked for from the class to which they belong. They are each and all fairly-drawn average specimens of their sort in ordinary life. The hearty strong-willed old seaman, Captain Chesney, with his rough naval manners, his family pride, and his testy putting up with adversity, adored by his children and servants, while in his thoughtlessness wearing his daughter thin with his pinching and paring, and making poor black Pompey fly in terror from his voice and stick, is a capital picture of its kind. Choleric in temper and imperious in will, characters such as his are nevertheless capable of winning to themselves any amount of love and homage from those of the weaker sort who come within the range of their influence. However tyrannical, exacting, and inconsiderate they may appear, there is often a depth of unselfish, generous feeling beneath, in which all passing faults of temper are lost to sight. The "Chesney pride" is tempered by the sailor's openness and simplicity. When the unexpected missive comes which puts an end to the life-long battle with duns and debt, proclaiming him Earl of Oakburn through the sudden death of the young peer, his nephew Frank, by typhus fever, the old man's first thought is one of genuine pain and sorrow at the young man's premature end. He "sat down in very humble fashion and in deep silence. 'It's true, Jane,' he presently said, with something very like a sob, 'the poor lad's gone, and I am Earl of Oakburn.'" Slave as he has made his eldest daughter Jane, driving her mad over accounts which his heedless extravagance has run up, harsh and imperious as he has been to her in word and tone, he is the very idol of her existence. Even after he has driven the iron into her soul by bringing home as his wife the handsome governess whom Jane especially disliked for her supposed treachery in playing upon the old man's weakness, and when Jane feels herself cast out from her chief place in her father's heart and from her throne over his household, the daughter's affection remains strong and pure as of old. And when at length his old enemy the gout, which has so long lent extra bitterness to a naturally irritable temper, fixes upon the stomach, and the battered old hull lies at the last extremity waiting to "go out with the tide," the group round his dying bed is one of genuine unmixed grief. The unhappy black is nearly choked with tears and sobs. "Never a better massa! never a better massa! Pompey like to go with him." The daughters—one of whom his hasty match has driven from her home, while the other has been denied forgiveness for her stolen marriage and her name has been forbidden to be mentioned in his hearing—receive the blow according to their respective temperaments—Jane with patient sinking sorrow, Laura with a burst of raving,

* *Lord Oakburn's Daughters*. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," &c. 3 vols. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1864.

passionate grief. The whole scene is intensely true to nature, and is depicted with much graphic force.

The portraits of Lord Oakburn's daughters are well drawn, the general family likeness being modified in each by traits of marked individuality. Pride and firmness of will are the inheritance of all, but these qualities are combined in each with widely different features of character and physique. In Jane, the eldest and managing sister, a girl of slender frame and slight pretence to personal charms, they are manifested in quiet resolute dignity, in a loathing for anything mean or unbefitting the family repute, and in almost dogged adherence to the impressions or prejudices of the moment. Devoted to her father, even to the last unsparing sacrifice, she would lay down life itself to screen him from the worry of creditors or the penalties of debt. Accepting the charge of her sisters as a sacred trust, and watching over them with a jealous affection, she would yet rather make shipwreck of all their schemes of happiness than see them stoop to gratify inclination by an alliance unworthy of a Chesney. Jane is not intended to form a perfect or ideal woman, and she is far from approaching that standard. But she is on that account far more akin to women of real flesh and blood, and as such may be accepted as a favourable specimen of Mrs. Wood's creations of middle life. More impetuous and stirring, her second sister, Laura, the beauty of the group, exhibits the fundamental failings of the family in a fashion not less appropriate to her temper and inclinations. Brimful of vanity, warm in temperament, and headstrong in the indulgence of her passions, Laura chafes under the restrictions and privations which the meek Jane accepts and almost hugs as her appointed cross. Her father's sternest commands, and her sister's most moving appeals to prudence or pride, are powerless against her absorbing passion for the fascinating Lewis Carlton, the low-born though rising surgeon of South Wrenock. Spurned with violence and contumely by the Captain, and repulsed with quiet dislike and scorn by Jane, that gentleman, goaded by a responsive passion for Laura, perseveres in his suit, and, after stolen interviews in which Laura's pride is sorely wrung, carries her off from her home, and establishes her as his wife in the face of her indignant family. Omens of ill attend the union, which are, however, ineffectual to check the torrent of passion and self-will. Lucy, the youngest girl, is a child when the story begins, and her tame and commonplace history, till she is conducted to the altar and smothered with the flowers of fortune, seems meant for nothing more than a sort of set-off to the stormier and more chequered fortunes of her sisters, unless it may be to read a lesson on the virtues of quietness and submissiveness, by way of contrast to the family errors of violence and self-will. About the third sister, Clarice, there hangs a veil of mystery, the gradual drawing aside of which forms the *dénouement* of the story, and is the centre of all the tragic interest of these volumes. Mrs. Wood's known skill and dexterity in the weaving of plots has never perhaps been more characteristically exhibited. The secret is guarded, from the first, with a skill that tantalizes the reader, and keeps him perpetually baffled, as he seeks to connect the isolated hints thrown out from time to time with the common object which they are clearly intended to subserve. It is only at the end that, without preternatural sagacity, the ordinary reader will find the full truth dawn upon his mind, and be able to trace through all these partial hints and scattered episodes the hidden purpose of the novelist. From the tragic end of the young mother in the opening chapter, till the mysterious cause is cleared up at the last, and the guilt is brought home to the hand that dropped the prussic acid into the sleeping draught, though we have enough to point not obscurely to the true author of the crime, yet we are so far without a clue to the motive as to distrust the intimations covertly thrown out, and have nothing for it but to yield to the sensation of uncertainty and suspense which it is the novelist's object to excite in us.

There are, indeed, limits in true art to the expedients which may lawfully be used to keep up the mystification, and either to assist our imagination in following the track at the beck of the writer's will, or to throw us off the scent if we are likely to hunt out the secret prematurely. And it may be questioned whether Mrs. Wood has not transcended those fair limits. There are two main methods whereby a plot of the description before us may be eked out, in perfect consistency with the laws of reality and of human nature. The one consists in the evolution of character; the other, in the combination of incident. A writer of fiction will choose spontaneously the one or the other, according as the mental bias may incline towards external delineation of events or the subjective analysis of thought and feeling. Now, it is certainly not in the analytical development of character that Mrs. Henry Wood's forte can be said to lie. And in not a few of the incidents on which the interest of the plot is made to turn there is a degree of weakness which borders on the ludicrous. Our minds are intended from the first to link together the fate of the lost Clarice with the person of Mr. Carlton, but in order to do so the writer can think of no more novel or natural expedient than the old nursery nonsense of dreams and nervous prognostics. There is here not a tithe of the boldness or originality, while there is all the defiance to nature and common-sense, that there is in Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Strange Story*. Jane Chesney has no special *rapproch* with the spirit-world or the divining-rod, but she has a faculty of dreaming, or clairvoyance, which puts her in possession of the facts of the past, and enables her to put forth oracular visions of the future. On the very night of the suspicious death of the so-called Mrs.

Crane, she has a "dreadful dream, an awful dream," which is only drawn from her in detail later in the story, but which so firmly connects Clarice with some foul play at the hands of Carlton that she recoils from him as a subject of aversion, and had rather see Laura in her grave than linked to one of so sinister a destiny. Again, on the eve of her father's bringing home the detested governess whom, unknown to Jane, he has married the day before, Jane has "felt all day a sick, shivery feeling that she could not account for, a low-spirited sensation of some approaching evil." "Do coming events," asks the authoress, "thus cast their shadows before?" Of course they do in works of fiction, if the writer has no better way of preparing the reader for the *dénouement* which she has settled in her mind. Communications from the world of spirits are, however, proverbially uncertain and capricious; else we might wonder that Jane's monitory faculty had not opened her eyes, when her ordinary sharpness of sense had failed, to the incipient flirtation between the Earl and Eliza Lethwait, with which she no more dreamt of connecting her father's unusual and unaccountable absences than she "dreamt of attributing them to visits paid to the Great Mogul." Some of these dreams, however, were destined to be prophetic—*vera somnia* :—

Jane Chesney had certainly had two or three most singular dreams, which had borne reference in a remarkable degree to subsequent realities of life. One of them had foreshadowed her mother's death, and Jane had told it before the death took place. That the events following upon and bearing out the dreams were singular coincidences, can at least be said. And yet Jane Chesney was not by nature inclined to superstition, but the dreams had, in a degree, forced it upon her. She buried the feeling within herself, as we all like to bury those feelings which touch wholly on the imagination—that inner life within the life. But, of all her dreams, never had she been visited by one bearing half the vivid horror, the horror of reality, as did this last one relating to her sister Clarice.

Some faculty of the sort appears to have run in the family, unless it is merely "the strange provision that sometimes attends the dying" that makes the Earl on his death-bed so truly depict that Laura will shortly "find herself upon the quicksands."

We are not concerned to let out so much of the story as would be required to vindicate the truth of these vaticinations of ill, and to show the unhappy Laura floundering on the judicial quicksands on which first her vanity and wilfulness, and next her jealousy and deceit, have flung her. But we cannot help remarking it as a somewhat queer point in the writer's estimate of character, that, in the very act of opening her husband's private safe with a skeleton key under a half-insane idea of coming upon proofs of his unfaithfulness, we are assured that Laura "hated meanness as much as ever did the late Earl," and that "Laura was honourable by nature; yes, she was, however you may feel inclined to demur to the assertion, seeing what you do see." What we do see convinces us that, instead of whitewashing her character with this specious pretext, the author might as well have left Lady Laura's actions to speak for themselves. We part with Laura after the catastrophe, when her own mean abstraction of the letter has brought her husband to conviction and death—now a prey to passionate and extravagant remorse, now chafing under the anguish and disgrace which his guilt has brought upon her family and herself. Her latest mood is that of disgust at the widows' caps, which, scanty and becoming as she has them made, she is persuaded are "ruin to the hair," while she has got so far as to have "said one day that she would give a great deal to be able to put away the tarnished name of Carlton." It is strange that neither to the widow, nor apparently to the novelist's own mind, has it occurred to ask how far Mr. Carlton's previous marriage with her sister leaves Laura any claim by law to the title of either widow or wife.

The character of Carlton himself is far from being worked up to the level of the situation. There is nothing in him to qualify him for the position assigned to him as the hero of a deed of such foulness and horror. It may be that very commonplace men may rise to the inducement to poison one beautiful wife for the sake of getting another. But, with no other than the vulgar daring of murderers in general, and the shallow cunning which baffles for a time the pursuit of justice, only to betray itself by some stupid oversight in the end, he is scarcely of the stuff for the central figure in a work of tragic interest. Still less, considering the callous and unexcitable frame which he evinces during the dozen years or so that we observe him, is he the man to be carried off from justice neither by his own hand, nor by the heart disease which forms so happy a kind of despatch for many criminals of fiction, but by mere agitation of thought on being locked up after his committal for trial. In delineating her minor characters, Mrs. Wood puts forth her usual facility and skill, and the book as a whole is certainly one of the most entertaining of the season. With more attention to those defects of conception which we have pointed out, it might have been pronounced one of first-rate excellence.

SACRED LATIN POETRY.*

SELDOM does a second edition come before the public with better claims to a hearty welcome than this of Dr. Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*. When, fifteen years ago, the first edition was put forth from the vicarage of Ighite, there was a somewhat hazy notion in the minds of English clergymen generally as to the stores and storehouses of hymnology which had existed

* *Sacred Latin Poetry*. Selected and arranged for use, with Notes and Introduction. By R. C. Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

from of old. Some few, indeed, had cultivated the study more or less, and had sought material for hymns in the vulgar tongue from the editions of Prudentius, St. Ambrose, or St. Bernard, which were to be found in old libraries. But the reign of Evangelicism had discountenanced debts incurred in this quarter. The knowledge of the rich repertoires, the access to the splendid mines, in which an abundance of treasure in this kind lay hid, was opened, it may truly be said, to the mass of the educated clergy by the first edition of the volume of which we now welcome the republication. It did not, indeed, profess to be aught beyond a selection. It aimed rather at pointing the way to others than at mapping out or exhibiting in detail the contents of the mine. The editor's object was to furnish specimens by which to judge of the whole—to produce nuggets as samples of the fine gold to be dug up by such as should choose to devote their energy to the task. But so well was the aim fulfilled, so clearly was the history of Latin hymnology traced back in the introductory chapters, so attractive were the samples produced of old and magnificent hymn-work, that the result was a revival of interest in the whole subject. The able and copious Thesaurus of Daniel found its way into country parsonages, and into the hands of scholars. Magazines began to publish translations of hymns, instead of choruses from Greek plays; the rare leisure of those clergymen whose poetic vein was not yet frozen and dried up was directed to a new and a congenial pursuit; and in due time the full fruitage appeared in the "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," which mark a distinct epoch in English hymnology, and bid fair to supersede all other collections for use in the services of the Church. It is not too much to say that Dr. Trench's volume was the pilot-engine which brought in the remarkable collection to which we refer. Of this any one may assure himself who will set the two books side by side, and note in the English volume its many scholarly counterparts of the Latin originals. The Archbishop of Dublin may dwell with just satisfaction on the work which his first edition pioneered, whilst, in the demand for a second edition, he has the best earnest of the success of the aim he had at heart. Since 1849, the date of the first edition, much increased light has been thrown upon Latin hymnology, and of this it has been the editor's labour of love to avail himself in the interval. The German edition of Mone, the two supplementary volumes of Daniel, M. Gautier's discovery of many hitherto unpublished hymns of Adam of St. Victor, and the labours of Mr. Neale both as an editor and as a translator, have supplied fresh material, evoked doubtless by a demand which is a gauge of the increased popularity of the whole subject. It should be added that another result, due in part to Dr. Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, has been the gradual cessation of that fear which haunted so many until late years, of imbibing Romanism with the hymnology which is the heritage of the whole Western Church. By a careful sifting and wise choice the editor proved that English Churchmen need not be debarred from the "immortal heritage" of the Universal Church, through the bugbear of their having found their way into the Roman Breviary. Intelligence and charity have advanced *pari passu*, nor will any save the most unlettered persons shudder any longer at the thought that something may be learned, some riches be borrowed, from the varied storehouse of mediæval theology. To furnish the wheat without the tares, the wine untainted by its lees, Dr. Trench has been the better able through the license he has allowed himself of *thinning* each poem which he sets before his readers—a license which he deems justifiable where the object is rather to provide a personal and devotional help than to give a chronological account of Latin ecclesiastical poets and poetry. The gain derived from this is such as to compensate the loss of an historical arrangement which we can imagine might have been more welcome to the scholar, and more interesting in an archaeological point of view.

To those not yet acquainted with it, we commend Dr. Trench's Introduction as a lucid and succinct account of the differences in form and spirit between the Latin classical and sacred poetry, as well as of the origin and growth of these. He urges that accentuated and not quantitative poetry was indigenous in the Latin tongue; that it was the introduction of Greek models which for a time naturalized the hexameter, the sapphic, and the alcaic; and that long prior to these existed the Saturnian and old Italian verses, of a loosely defined number of syllables, not metrically disposed, but with places accentually marked on which the stress should be laid. At the decadence of Roman classical literature, the old and popular rhythm came up again with its ante-classical words and speech, such as are found in Attius and Nevius, and reappear in Prudentius and Tertullian. It was natural that Christian hymnists should seize the opportunity of abandoning metres identified with a heathen worship and an impure mythology, and of adopting for their holier themes a rhythmical system which had a previous existence on the lips and in the memories of the people. Such a system readily became part of a religion which aimed at embracing the poor and unlettered; it suited an age which grew less tolerant of arbitrary rules of quantity in proportion as classical literature waned; and, moreover, as hymns were to be sung by the whole congregation, it is clear that the accentual value of words would be more easy to apprehend and bear in mind than the uncertain laws of an obsolete prosody. In regard to the other point of difference—rhyme—Dr. Trench is very happy in showing that it was of earliest date at Rome, and that, though the introduction of Greek literature to a great extent thrust it aside for a time, it kept occasionally crop-

ping out all the while in the pages of Roman classical writers. Its revival in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era was but the budding afresh of a germ laid in versification already existing; and it is a reasonable supposition that, like accentual arrangement, rhyme also was intended as a makeweight for slackness of metrical observance. The statement of Dr. Guest that "the Romans were confessedly ignorant of rhyme" is ably combated by Dr. Trench; and indeed we are the more interested in siding with the views of the latter, because another dictum of the former—namely, "that no people ever adopted an accentual rhythm without adopting rhyme also"—seems to us a two-edged sword which the claims of both accent and rhyme to be indigenous in the Latin poetry must necessarily encounter.

But, whatever the antiquity of accented and rhymed Latin poetry, the volume before us should make us thankful that it has come down to us in such fulness and richness as the specimens which it contains indicate. Classical poetry, beautifully cold and statuesque, has nothing to draw forth fervour of devotion, or to kindle the fires of love and gratitude—nothing to bring near the realities of death, and judgment, and the world beyond, for the admonishing of the godless and the encouragement of the faithful. The Church hymns achieve all this in the marvellously vivid dimeters of Thomas of Celano, and the noble fifteen-syllable triplets of Peter Damiani. These are, indeed, later Christian poets; but Prudentius in his Hymn on Cock-crow, which we miss in Dr. Trench's collection as well as in the *Salvete, flores Martirum*, which he gives us, and St. Ambrose with his grand simplicity, suffice to show how great an advance towards life and reality had been made even while accent was still the sole or chief substitute for the classical system of quantity. Of the earliest Christian poets the present collection does not give many specimens. A chronological arrangement, which was beside the purpose of the work, might probably have introduced more of their remains. Though not so finished as the compositions of a later period, with which the volume of Dr. Trench abounds, they have a special interest as productions of an age comparatively near to the Apostolic times, and a value, in proportion, attaching to their interpretations of Scripture. But we have no right to quarrel with a selection which has provided such materials for an intellectual feast as those which lie before us. Adam of St. Victor, St. Bernard, Jacob de Benedictis, Hildebert, Damiani, are but a few names, representing most famous contributors to Latin hymnology in the later centuries, which are presented in these pages. It has, however, struck us that an undue preference is shown to the hymns of Adam of St. Victor, which for the most part abound in mysticism, and revel in such an excess of obscure and scholastic allusion as must exclude them from the wide popularity of many simpler hymns. Many of them defy translation, through the superabundance of conceits; many, if they could be translated, would be distasteful to modern minds, owing to a surfeiting accumulation of typical applications of Scripture. Dr. Trench admits that this is a fault in his favourite hymnist, but he probably thinks that compensating excellences entitle this writer to an exceptionally large space in his extracts from Sacred Latin Poetry. Doubtless, too, this prominence may be owing in some degree to the discovery of so many unpublished poems of Adam of St. Victor, by M. Gautier; but, for our own part, we could have preferred to see a larger selection from the abundant materials furnished by Daniel and Mone. More of Prudentius, of Fortunatus, and of Ambrose would have been acceptable, though it is probable that the omission of these is due to the assumption that the works of these Christian poets are better known than we believe them to be. It may be that the editor's tone of mind and study inclines to the deeper and more spiritual cast which stamps Adam of St. Victor's remains, whereas the modern mind affects rather the simple and yet vigorous, the grand and outspoken, lyrics of other Christian poets. Of the newly found hymns, one of the finest is that on the Nativity, beginning—"Potestate non naturâ" (p. 111); while, of the old, none is better than that on St. Stephen (p. 212). The obscurity and depth of allusion in many stanzas of this poet have, however, this result—that they test Dr. Trench's powers as an interpreter and annotator; and here his merits are, we are bound to say, considerable. The darker the passage, the more valuable is the skill by which light is conveyed into it. For this part of his work the editor deserves high praise. For instance, upon the obscure passage which opens Adam of St. Victor's Hymn on John the Evangelist (p. 71) —

Verbi vere substantivi,
Caro cum sit in declivi
Temporis angustia,
In æternis verbum annis
Permanere nos Joannis
Docet theologia —

his interpretation is decidedly preferable to that of Mr. Neale, who takes "caro" to mean the flesh which the Word took upon him; whereas Dr. Trench understands it of the world and "all that is in and of the world," and freely translates thus—"The theology of John teaches us that while the flesh declines, wastes, and decays, the word of the Word (verbum Verbi), all which Christ utters, endures for everlasting years, shall never pass away." So, again, he throws the exact amount of needful light on the concluding line of Adam of St. Victor's Hymn on the Nativity (pp. 111-15) — "Denum complens numerum," when he refers it to the ten pieces of silver (Luke xv. 8-10), the lost one of which was supposed to represent the race of man, while the nine were the nine ranks of angels that had stood in

their first obedience. On v. 45 of the same poet's Hymn on the Epiphany (p. 123), "Ad peccatum prius prona," Dr. Trench acutely builds a refutation of the French translator's theory that the Blessed Virgin, and not the Church, is the Bride referred to in the later stanzas. And not only when handling the poems of Adam of St. Victor, but in editing the whole of his selections, he has exhibited rare critical acumen and interpretative sagacity. His grounds for retaining, as the third line of the "Dies Ire," the verse "Teste David cum Sibyllâ," sometimes objected to on the ground that a Sibyl is a strange witness to Christian truth (see p. 297), illustrate this, as well as his deep reflection and learning. Here and there we note a little severity in judging of the accuracy of Daniel, and where—at p. 93, v. 29—he blames that useful editor for printing "multos tenet" instead of "multus terret" in a poem of Pistor, a question might arise whether he should not himself adopt *multos*, and whether he should not refer to St. Luke i. 65, and not i. 69. In some hymns, too, such as that of Prudentius, "In exsequiis defunctorum," he might well have been less chary of note and comment. The meanings of such words as "enigmata vultus," v. 20, and "pugilli," v. 28, would have been fit subjects of a note for such readers as have not Ducange, or such like lexicons, to refer to. It is curious, moreover, that in quoting Obbarius as the most recent editor of Prudentius, the Archbishop seems to have overlooked the very meritorious edition of Albert Dressel, Leipsic, 1860.

One or two improvements might, we venture to think, have enhanced the value of this already valuable book. It would have worn a more popular aspect had it contained fuller references to the loving diligence of English translators and adapters who, at various periods, have availed themselves of the gems of Latin hymnology. A little is said of the numerous attempts to clothe the "Dies Ire" in an English garb; and we are told briefly of Tusser's translation of Jacopone's "Cur mundus militat," and Sylvester's version of Damiani's "Glory and Joys of Paradise." But a great deal more might have been done in this way, in pointing out more or less successful imitations of other hymns—an important help and encouragement toward fresh labours in the same field. Alford's version of the "Dies Ire," W. Hammond's of the "Veni Creator Spiritus," Chandler's of the "Angulare Fundamentum," and a recent anonymous version of St. Bernard's "Jesu, dulcis memoria," have been admitted by Sir Roundell Palmer into his Book of Praise. And in the 318th page of that delightful manual will be found a noble version by Mr. Isaac Williams of part of the hymn of Prudentius "On the Burial of the Dead," which is as close and as truthful as it is elegiac and touching in its rhythm. The last verse of it may serve as a sample, and prove its title to notice:—

Tu depositum tege corpus,
Non immemor ille requirit
Sua munera flector et auctor,
Proprieque enigmata vultus.—Trench, p. 282.

Cover this body to thy care consign'd;
It's Maker shall not leave it in the grave,
But His own lineaments shall bear in mind,
And shall recall the image that He gave.—Book of Praise, p. 319.

We cannot here stop to point out the debt owed by the editors of Hymns Ancient and Modern to the Latin Hymns of Dr. Trench's selection; but we may refer our readers for a happy version of the simple, sweet, and touching hymn of King Robert II. of France, "Veni, sancte spiritus" (p. 196), to p. 123, hymn 128, of the aforesaid hymnal, and for a very fine translation of "Beata Urbs Hierusalem" (Trench, p. 311), to the 243rd and 244th hymns of the same collection. None of these versions are noticed by Dr. Trench.

Another suggestion which we would offer is the addition of a short glossary, which would prove a great convenience and boon to ordinary Latin scholars, unlearned in the "media et infima Latinitas." The words "debratis" (p. 66); "cautelam" (67); "disceat" (92); "factura" h.e. merces operis, (111); "adunare" (*ibid.*); "dulcor" (140); "pausa" (*ibid.*); "enigmata" before referred to (p. 282), and many others, unknown to our Latin dictionaries, cause a delay and difficulty which can only be met effectually by the aid which we suggest. Of course the foot-notes explain many of these words, but some they pass over in silence. A short glossary would be a safeguard against the tricks of a fickle memory, and an easy means of enabling students of sacred Latin poetry to "run and read." We trust that a work so useful, suggestive, and scholarlike as this of Archbishop Trench may see more than one future edition, and it is in furtherance of so desirable a consummation that we offer these concluding hints as to popularizing his *Sacred Latin Poetry*.

WESTMACOTT'S HANDBOOK OF SCULPTURE.*

THIS handsome volume is substantially a reprint of Professor Westmacott's article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with some additions suggested by the discussions that have arisen in late years on mediæval sculpture and on the applicability of colour to statues. The author's name is a guarantee that he is qualified to speak on the technical points of his subject; he appears to have made careful use of the literary materials to which foreign diligence is always adding; and he is himself a man of moderate and impartial views, not cramped into Greek or Goth, but naturally ready to welcome and do justice to original merit, wherever it may be discovered. Frankly accepting, as we do, the general sentiment of what may be called the modern criticism on art, Mr. Westmacott's book is an example of the advantage which

a man gets who has not been trained on a single system. The æsthetic traditions, if we may so term them, of the Professor's family, must have led him in youth to that view of sculpture which is represented by the publications of Spence, and Stuart, and the Dilettante Society. But he has not been insensible to the counter-school in art which, from the time of Flaxman, Cicognara, and d'Azincourt to our own, has found a rival in the Saints of Paradise to the Gods of Olympus.

It is advantageous that the historian of any subject should look on it in that philosophical frame of mind which regards the successive changes that he records as the natural, almost the inevitable, result of the larger oscillations of the human race during the period with which he deals. Every art or study will be found to be dependent on wider causes the more we investigate it. Even poets do not come, as some one said, like constellations in the sky, with no apparent reason for their grouping or for their absence; great artists certainly do not. Sculpture has perhaps held the most representative character among the fine arts, and has been most governed by the deeper sentiments of the nations practising it. Its history, in more than one of the countries noticed by Mr. Westmacott, even when told in the somewhat cold outline of his earlier pages, bears this fact on its face. Sculpture was probably in continued vitality amongst the Assyrian and Babylonian races, certainly amongst the Egyptians, for an immensely longer period than amongst the Greeks whilst Hellas was independent, or amongst the nations of Western Europe during the mediæval centuries. Yet, when the general features of the styles have been once defined, hardly anything remains to be added on the history of Egyptian or Mesopotamian art. Vital we have called it, and such the extraordinary merit which the remains exhibit, in certain limited directions, entitles it to be named; yet it is a strange, stationary, frozen vitality. One reason for this must be sought, with great probability, in that named by Mr. Westmacott—the "strict conformity to established types" required by the hierarchy of each kingdom. "Hence," said Plato, "the art remains the same, the rule of it the same." Had not the genius of the Orthodox Church of the East taken a peculiar bent, we might have found there that perfect reproduction of Oriental immobility in regard to sculpture which, it is well known, is manifested in its painting. But, although the influence of the early priesthoods on this point is put more temperately by Mr. Westmacott than by Mr. Jarves (whose "Art Idea" was lately noticed in our columns), yet it may be doubted whether we should not add, as the groundwork of the whole, that strange and hitherto inexplicable difference between the minds of different races which renders an appeal to ethnology at once so dangerous, and yet so absolutely inevitable as a solution of perplexities to the historical student. This is, indeed, a solution which more than one able man of our own time (such as Mr. Buckle) has attacked as an idle means of escaping difficulties. Overworked, however, as the principle of race may have been by the brilliant genius of men like Michelet and Thierry, yet something always remains, even in the best theories constructed on opposite principles, unsolved; and that something lies always at the bottom of the problem. Turn it as we will, we must have recourse to Irishism to explain Burke, and we defy any one to interpret Voltaire without appealing to the genius of France. Indeed, the bad practical results of a total neglect of this principle may be seen in the teaching of the school of unconditional negro emancipation. Not only, as matters now stand, are there obviously inferior races on our planet, but it is as yet a totally uncertain thing whether the cultivation which the higher races are bound to give them can ever bring them up to the loftier level. And the superiority of the civilized nations hangs, as one essential element, on maintaining their heaven-given blood-superiority. When we have said, "All men are equal," we must add in a whisper, "All men are not yet equal." Everything that man does, from the way in which he roasts his meat to the way in which he worships his Deity, testifies to the truth of the whisper. It may be read, as in a microcosm, in Professor Westmacott's History of Sculpture.

It is possible, undoubtedly, to point out certain local circumstances—soil, climate, and especially the peculiar relations of the habitable land to the sea—which may have more or less modified the development of the Hellenic races. Yet these cannot be seriously held to be the main reasons why this small tribe—inheriting, as they did, much of the common stock of civilization possessed by the more advanced populations at 600 B.C.—should, within three or four centuries from that time, have struck out for themselves the first steps in almost every branch of human knowledge and activity. What they did in sculpture, addressing the European eye as it does, is perhaps the most popularly known amongst these singular acts of creation. Here, as in architecture, the Greeks appear to have moved from the starting-point of Egypt and Assyria. Taking up the strange hieratic or State art of those countries, they were the first to "recognise sculpture as an imitative art, while with other nations it seems to have been considered little other than symbolical." Professor Westmacott's careful work, with the impartiality, has also not a little of the coldness, of philosophical history. He shows everywhere practical knowledge, and the discrimination of style is generally clear and sound; but a too great brevity renders his book much less valuable in this respect than his ability and taste would have enabled him to make it. Yet, as it stands even in the summary given, it is impossible not to be astonished at the sudden start made during the three hundred years between Callon of Ægina and Lysippus of

* *Handbook of Sculpture, Ancient and Modern.* By R. Westmacott, R.A. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1864.

Sicyon. The chief names that lie between and mark epochs are Myron, Phidias, Polycleus, Alcámenes, Praxiteles, and Scopas. Referring readers for the history in detail to the book itself, we may briefly indicate, on what imperfect evidence literature and fragments afford, the principal stages of advance. The early schools, from the mythic name of Dædalus downward, gave the sentiment of life and the first germs of individuality to the only sculpture then known to Greece—the religious. With them, however, the scale appears to have declined less to the free than to the traditional treatment. The Athenian school represents an equal balance between the strictest realization of the religious idea and the most perfect rendering of human form. "Accuracy united with sublimity" is the verdict of Greece upon Phidias himself. Expression of human passion, and, with this, greater force thrown into the features—stronger individuality, in a word—is marked by Praxiteles. Lysippus, at an age when belief in the older mythology was fading from among the thoughtful classes, bestowed an equal care on the management of details and masses—the "Symmetria" of his critics; thus, as it were, fixing the circle of his art, of which the theory was henceforth complete. With Lysippus the great days of Hellenic freedom, though prolonged for a while by the heroic contests of the Achaian League, close; and although subsequently many sculptors of great ability must have lived, yet they do not appear to have carried their art into any important developments, and are less distinctly known to us through the meagre notices of Pliny and Pausanias than the men of the earlier time.

Professor Westmacott, rightly holding highest the creative schools of sculpture, appears, however, rather to underrate the artists who followed the age of Alexander. We are aware that in this estimate he has the authority of Winkelmann; yet it should be remembered that, as Cicognara has pointed out, by far the larger number of the works which fill our museums, and are the admiration of artists, belong to this second period. The world has not been so fertile in excellence that we can afford to speak with haste or slight of men who could model the "Cupid and Psyche" and the "Laocoon." To this time belong also the greatest proportion of the really fine engraved gems, through the perfect preservation of which the marvellous grace, propriety, and inventiveness of the Greek designers have received an illustration impossible to the fragility of marble. In the same way, the account here given of European sculpture during the last two centuries is quite incomplete. With the writer's general argument, that imitation of the antique has been from the beginning destructive to art, and an idle thing in itself, we entirely agree; indeed, we doubt whether the so-called "classical" style has now any defenders except in the generation formed when Canova and Thorvaldsen were flourishing. No exhibition is likely to repeat the singular homage paid in 1862 to Venus and Cupid, even if devoid of the *demi-monde* attractiveness given to them then by the trick of colour—a practice the propriety of which, whether it be defended on grounds of imperfect scholarship or of imperfect taste, Mr. Westmacott demolishes in a very sensible chapter. Yet many men of ability, and a few of genius, Flaxman amongst others, have worked in the classical school; it has taken well-defined and interesting shades of feeling in Italy, France, England, and Germany; nor can a Handbook to Sculpture be regarded as fulfilling its pretensions without a fair summary of the works which fill the churches and public places of modern Europe.

We might add that Mr. Westmacott's account of early Christian sculpture also leaves much to be desired in point of fulness. But the truth is, that the history of his favourite art, especially during the periods when it has been practised in intimate connexion with architecture, is so large in itself, and runs out into so many problems connected with the whole development of civilization, that it could not be brought within the short limits to which he has confined himself. We should be glad if he could begin the work anew, and, leaving the original article to fill its place in the Encyclopædia, give us a full account of at least the early schools of sculpture. In that case, we would also press the necessity of supplying copious illustrations—such, for example, as are found in that well-selected, though feebly engraved, series which accompanies Otfried Müller's admirable work. One woodcut gives a better idea of Phidias or of Michel Angelo than half a page of unassisted description; and the insertion of a sufficient number (shaded, not in outline, which is almost valueless for the discrimination of style), in the "Handbook" before us, would probably secure it a much wider popularity.

We have referred above to that period when Christian sculpture was closely allied with architecture. Mr. Westmacott has some good remarks on the importance of that union for the interests of both arts. On this wide subject we cannot enter here; but we wish to draw attention to his sensible comments on the style in which many of our modern Gothic buildings have been filled with unsatisfactory work in carving. This is an evil which threatens to undo half the good of the renewed Pointed style, and we would therefore draw the serious attention of all promoters of Gothic to its prevalence. Without dwelling here on the copious examples of it supplied by the figures which crowd the Houses of Parliament, we regret to observe that many of Mr. G. Scott's most admired buildings exhibit the worst specimens of mechanical sculpture, turned out to order by some manufacturing firms in a thoroughly unartistlike manner. Even the foliage-details of such a work as the elaborate altar-reveries in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are cold and feelingless; whilst such figures as those around the new pulpit of Westminster are a positive piece of barbarism. We are quite aware how difficult it is to find English artists capable of designing true architectural

sculpture, or English workmen sufficiently free and original in their handling to render it efficiently; but the lesson to be drawn hence is, let it alone until we have trained them:—

To imitate, now, the stiff attenuated figures of the sculptors of the fourteenth century, and to reproduce the illegible inscriptions and confusing illuminations of that age, are, at best, *anachronisms*. The rudeness of the art of that time was the honest proof of the want of greater technical knowledge in the artists. The painting and sculpture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were neither affected imitations of earlier art, nor *intentionally* bad art. With all their faults they were the best that could be supplied, and their authors were too much in earnest to do less than their best. It is strange to find, in the present day, that a sham and counterfeit, in the imitation of mediævalism, can be considered by any class of persons an indication either of a knowledge of the true impulse of Christian art, or, stranger still, as some seem to imagine, of devout religious feeling. It wants all that gives value to art—Truth.

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By Order of the Senate, ALEXR. SMITH, Secretary to the University.

September 1864.

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